DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 112 429 CS 202 284

TITLE	I Write What I Want; Poetry in the Schools.
INSTITUTION	Poetry in the Schools, San Francisco, Calif.
SPONS AGENCY	National Endowment for the Arts, Washington, D.C.
PUB DATE	74
NOTE	87p.
EDRS PRICE	MF-$0.76 HC-$4.43 Plus Postage
DESCRIPTORS	Creative Activities; Creative Expression; *Creative Writing; *Educational Programs; Elementary Secondary Education; *Poetry; *Teaching Methods
IDENTIFIERS	*Poetry in the Schools

ABSTRACT

A program in which poets teach poetry in the classroom has been undertaken in the California public schools. This book focuses on the program and contains several short articles on various aspects of teaching poetry writing, a collection of student works, two photo essays, and practical techniques devised by poet/teachers. A bibliography lists resources under two categories: (1) anthologies of poetry and (2) collections of children's writing, teaching techniques, and books by poets. (JM)

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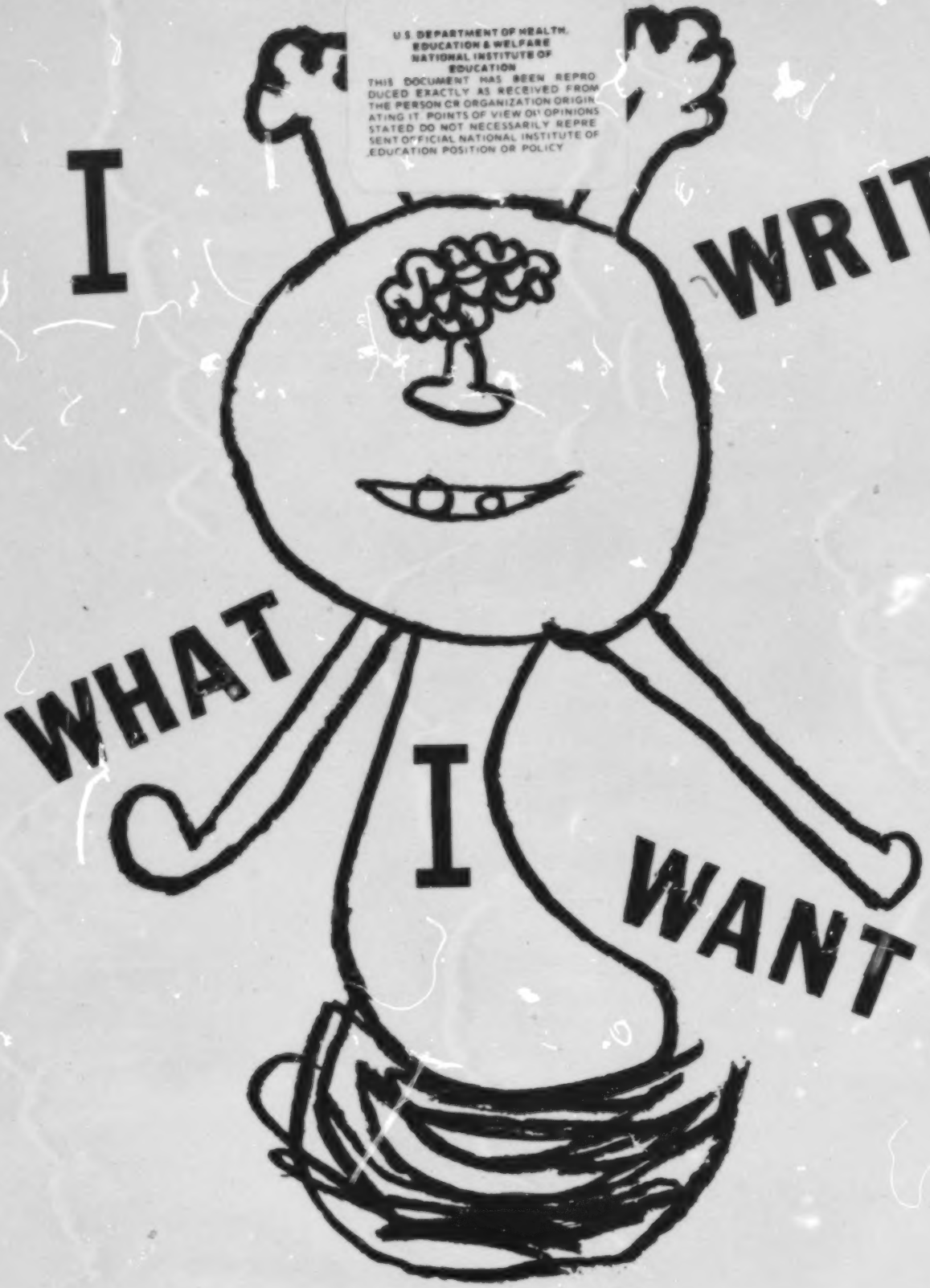

POETRY IN THE SCHOOLS CALIFORNIA

CS 202 284

POETRY IN THE SCHOOLS CALIFORNIA

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Printed in the USA by
Garcia Litho
657 Mission Street
San Francisco, California 94105

Designed and Expedited by
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Photography by
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Special Thanks to *Ann Gewing*, whose advice, time and generous effort made this book possible.

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Poetry in the Schools California

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FOREWARD

Does a firm perswasion that a thing is so, make it so?

All poets believe that it does, & in ages of Imagination
this firm perswasion removed mountains.

William Blake

This book is a portrait of a program in which poets teach poetry. It also offers a collection of the work of California public school students, and specific resources for teachers who teach students to write poetry.

Our intention is primarily to make available some fresh, practical ways for learning to write. These techniques have been devised by Master Poet/Teachers who work full-time helping poets teach, and by poets who are established in their craft and who have taught poetry in classrooms of all kinds and at all levels.

We have also included some short articles: Floyd Salas's statement of our credo sketches the kind of environment that makes students receptive to poetry and describes some of the give-and-take necessary to make such a program work. Nina Serrano's essay on the need for bilingual and bicultural approaches gives a social context to this personal outline. Stan Rice offers a realistic view of what can be accomplished in ten weeks of workshops and sketches in a process through which it may be accomplished. Dee Lemos gives an account of the more than generous preparations which she as a host-teacher makes for the poet's visit, and the rewards that even far less lavish preparations may bring.

We hope that this short book will provide not only specific technical material of value to student and teacher, but also the kind of organizational considerations that will interest the administrator; and we hope that the examples of the good work being done by students throughout the state will interest all three.

I remember reading in a Foreward to a 1913 high school text that the poet "never perplexes one with subtle problems, but is always cheerfully objective---If he never touches us very deeply, neither does he depress us by pessimistic views of life." We make no such promises for our poets. Too much has happened in the sixty years since those words were written. But despite it all we do remain optimistic. Our perswasion is firm.

We would like to thank those foundations without whose generosity Poetry in the Schools and this book would never have been possible: The Manpower Program, the National Endowment for the Arts, California Arts Commission, San Francisco State University, University of California at Irvine, San Francisco School Board.

Francis Gretton, Project Director
Poetry in the Schools

"Romantic, If You Want To Call It That"

Floyd Salas
Greater California Coordinator
Poetry In The Schools, San Francisco State University

Romantic, if you want to call it that, the guiding philosophy of Poetry In The Schools; a program which consists of putting local poets in the public schools of their community to teach students how to write poetry in a natural speaking manner and to think of poets as living beings like themselves rather than as gray-bearded men in dusty textbooks, to teach them that they can be poets too, and that poetry is a vital, living thing important to their own lives, to help teach students to learn and love language, to help educate them where the schools sometimes can't. But we had to be told that.

We thought we were just idealistic and optimistic. We wanted the program to reach more and more students in more and more different kinds of schools and reach particularly the students in the inner-city schools, mostly poorer, darker, and less prepared academically. We wanted to spread it around to the farm kids too, of whatever color. And, of course, the suburban schools where the program already was should increase in numbers. We wanted, if we could, to get some poets who really cared about kids. We wanted poets who were of a high social consciousness, if possible, and who cared about their society--not just their careers. That's often harder than it appears. But we got some.

For that's what poetry does. It helps people become better people. First of all, it forces people to use parts of the mind they don't use in everyday life. The writer, student or pro, has to touch the subconscious parts of his mind at the same time as he uses the conscious skills he has learned, and, more, he has to guide his writing by the intuitive "feeling" parts, his emotions, otherwise known as his spirits. With all these he must say something so true to his own experience that it is original and being a vehicle of the spirit immortal.

Each class was a challenge. Each class was unique and had its own innate problems and assets. Poets struggled anew each time to shape something good and worthwhile out of the teaching experience. And each time it was a hard job that finally paid off. But first not only the poet but the teachers and the students had to make an effort to get along with somebody radically different from themselves, had to stretch themselves to receive not only new ideas (usually a teacher's problem), but also adjust to older ideas (usually a poet's problem), and see the worth in that which was different from one's own views. I found out fast enough that the key to the success of a Poetry In The Schools program was to find and keep the delicate balance of interpersonal relations between poets and teachers. It wasn't always easy and it always depended upon *wanting* to see the worth of the other person and his views. This giving, when it happened on all sides, was beautiful. But it meant breaking people's stereotypes of each other.

Some poets assume that the teachers they meet are locked into the system, conventional people who won't approve of their bohemian lifestyles and often of their poetry. They have to learn that the teachers are as intelligent, sensitive and basically as artistic as they are and know a lot about people from constant contact with the many different types of students and parents they have to relate to. They have to learn that teachers usually know a lot about poetry too, and are good critics of student work and of contemporary poetry. Some Third World poets have to realize that the racism they expect from middle class teachers is simply not always there and that the average poetry teacher or creative writing instructor is rarely racist and generally very liberated from the stultifying ideas of more rigid and less educated people.

Teachers who make the effort to accept the often eccentric dress and behavior of the poets, who allow the poets to try their often new "ideas" of poetry and teaching techniques on the students, without worrying about their authority being undermined, who let the poet and his usually loose method of teaching go so that he can really get in tune with the students' vibrations and touch the roots of their beings, where the poetry lies, mostly untapped, and establish a really personal and spiritual contact with them, who permit themselves to flow, and even do the exercises the poet gives their students, will find that they themselves have grown along with their students, not only in outlook and writing skill, but in their own ability to teach creative writing to their students.

When the poet comes into a classroom where the teacher has prepared for him, talked to the students beforehand, perhaps made mimeographs of their poems, taken care of scheduling problems such as Dee Lemos describes, so that the poet's energy is not dissipated but continues to grow

and build through the day, chosen only those students who want to be in the class, where the teacher can make the poet feel liked and appreciated, then the class is not only a joy, but the journey half-reached, the goal half-won.

Then when the poet teaches the students to break the rules of grammar and syntax and logical thought in order to create something esthetically pleasing, when all this breaking of the normal rules of thought is granted legitimacy by the school authorities, when this stranger, who may seem like an older kid, who may dress more like the students than the teachers and have long hair and a hip life style, comes into the room and teaches them that language is a personal thing, that each person can become a unique writer just by learning to write clearly of his *own* experiences in his *own* voice and his *own* way of speaking and thinking, when the poet teaches them that what they *feel* is more important for the creation of poems than what they *think*, when the poet teaches them that they can turn everything upside down and no matter what their class standing write poetry of worth and wisdom, when one good poem by one student who never wrote a poem before is worth the whole monetary and energetic and educational output of all the persons involved, and the group identity that is established overpowers all the individuals in the room and everything else fades into insignificance, then a PITS session is not only great fun but pure love and ecstacy and holy communion, and that is what Poetry In The Schools is all about. That is what we work so hard for. I hope the reader finds proof of this in these pages to follow. I did.

POEMS

POEM

I woke up one morning and I was a cup. They found me on the bed. So they took me down and into the kitchen, they washed me and hanged me in the sink. A hour later and they came to eat breakfast and they use me. So when they ate, they took me and poured tea in me. It was hot but I didn't do nothing. So after breakfast my mother washed me. After I was laying there until my brother took me and put water in me and drank. After he drank he tried to hang me on the sink, but he dropped it. Then he looked back and he seen me. He said where's the broken cup? I was the cup. After that I told him that I had a weak back. My brother asked me how long and I said about a week back.

You get it about one week back.

Joe Taylor
Bessie Carmichael Elementary, S.F.

Nothing speaks with dry tongues
of glass
Wind pushes the dry stalks against each other
the windows moan long emptied of sorrows
or the faces of children
dispatched like the mice against a sill
I wait alone by a window
the rain silvers the glass in lines
Why? The piano grins in the corner of me
I am mad I am mad
Set on the delusions of the stars
I rise like a child's lost balloon
the wind has bent me double with fear

Alexis Wiener
College Park H.S.
Pleasant Hill

With a
bird
in a
forest
I saw
myself in
a pool
I saw
Death
in a
glass
I went
to your
house
saw
a
man
named
miracles
I am
a mad
man
my
feelings
are
flowers
and
I
Like
you
I like
poems
are
feelings
inside
you
mud
is
like
black
our
brown
dog

Goner Tulley
6th Grade
Mendocino Elementary
Mendocino

Did you ever think about
birds losing their feathers
snakes losing their skin and
people losing their teeth

Did you ever think about
lizards losing their tails
sea animals losing their shells
and people losing their minds.

Barbara Passalacqua
Abraham Lincoln H.S., S.F.

McHadden's drugstore, corner of 5th and Plott street. Madman Mugger in a black zoot suit watch fob dangling in a wind. He smokes a thin, hand-rolled cigarette. Thin rolled hand, he smokes a cigarette. Cigarette thin hand rolled smokes. He stands confused, and stays that way, angling for a small match book in his trouser pocket; his cigarette is out. He stands confused and stays that way, musing over childhood memories he fumbles no more and lights his thin handrolled cigarette.

Jeff Duck
Marshall H.S., L.A.

Main Squeeze

Poor Lady Marian;
waiting on
Sir Robin Hood (the act-stud),
pregnant with
belief waiting on
him (hand and foot and etc.)
obsessed with
his accelerated
elongation abundant with his
abstractionism, satisfied with his
eloquence and her
abysmal
ignorance waiting on
him (and his "Rob from-the-rich" philosophy)
hand and
foot and
all.

Dorian Holley
Washington H.S., L.A.

The Pimp's

long, fat, sleazy automobile
basking in the sunlight
Are you waiting for your master to take
you home
Did he give you your ration of food and
water
not to mention your occasional treat of oil
and a delicious lube
So with all this treatment you purr
gracefully and glide down the street.
Do you think you're getting it better
than anyone else—you probably are—
He's not sticking you in some back alley
Waiting for the man nor is he giving you
the hunger for the junk I stick in my arm.
Yah, he treats you real good. Baby, I'd
trade places with you any day
Listen, don't look at me with those
huge hollow eyes.

Michelle Viggiano
Washington H.S., L.A.

Flying Fifteen Feet Above the Ground

Flying fifteen feet above the ground,
down an anonymous highway to L.A.
While golden beams from endless passing cars
shimmer on the rain-wet road through
the misty fog of car exhaust,
through the cellophane rain on the window,
and the roadside crosses are surrounded
by a natural light shining through the
neon darkness.

And inside, I am surrounded by laughing people
in a darkened bus.
But left to myself, the self sinking and shrinking
further within a cavernous shell of rejection,
Left alone.

Sue Starcher
Abraham Lincoln H.S., S.F.

Carlos Riding on a Bus

I feel like running around
the bus. People talking, the
wheels moving, kids fighting,
kids playing, sitting and
looking out the window.

Carlos
Edison Elementary, S.F.

MO JO STEAMROLLER

I am *the* big mo jo steamroller
I wrap chains I eat Mosia
I come up on greyhounds
They scatter like shit maggots
When I come through I chew my chains
When I come down I suck my thumb
I am *the* big mo jo steamroller
With holes of fear
With no one near
I need the people, I hate the people
Why can't they be like me
Why can't I be like them.

Brian Chapman
Sutter Jr. H.S., L.A.

Magic City

Mountain rubbed against mountain
upon hungry oceans
cooled by a roof of milk clouds
then
suddenly: Flame
Flame Feeding Flame
Open wide distant gates
The Magic City!
The Magic City!
Go and look at the stars
look at the sun
Why leave the universe alone?
The Magic City!
The upside-down, inward
part of the beginning
It's after the end of the world
or don't you know that
yet?
Search the earth's pillowcase
veins and heart
Down, Down, Dig, Dig
Penetrate —
Atlantis!
The Magic City!
Numectrons, inner, inner — Penetrate
travel further
Pioneers of future followers
Pass through your mind
The Magic City!
The Magic City!

J. Burt
Abraham Lincoln H.S., S.F.

Messican! Dirty Messican.
Wetback!
You're the cause of all my problems.
You're dirty! You're less than nothing.

Don't call me names!
Don't look at me that way!
You hurt me!
My hurt turns to anger!
Don't be surprised when I explode,
When I return your ugliness to you!

Abel Muñoz
Santa Ana H.S.
Santa Ana

DEAR POET / DEAR TEACH

Julia Vose
Master Poet/Teacher

First we hit with sticks and took, then we grunt then we talk
We sing & we hum & we plant & it is all for eachother
and our struggle to make our work turn into food under
the sun and moon

whirling dervish dance into heaven
flamenco bird dancing on the table after the clam shells
and crab claws are cleared away
celebration of energy from food
celebration of life
celebration of the click of death empty shells
scattered in sound through the air
ritual

use the black board, juggle the day of the child
make a brew of what's happening in the world, a kill word
a soft purr word, a stroke word, a color into a feeling,
a feeling into a color, some foods, some work, some
places to go, let it all float on the board
say they can put it together anyway they want to
the myth of the moment comes out
you will have given them permission to FEEL
PLAY
BE PUTTING LANGUAGE TOGETHER & FOOLING AROUND
& MAKE A MESS
LIKE A PAINTER
BUT WE BE SLOPPY WITH BRILLIANT NOISE IN THE ROOM
& BIG & SMALL LOOPS & LETTERS & LITTLE GLYPHS
ON THE PAGE AS WE FEEL THEM

AND WHY IS A PAGE WITH WRITING ON IT A POEM?

because every word and all the stuff on the page is one word

WHAT?

that's right a poem is a moment
and a moment can be a lifetime or a sneeze
like the moment the Jews walked endlessly on the desert
it can be the moment Mrs. Jones flipped over a sunny side egg
and calmly threw her apron in the garbage. it can be
how you skinned your knee one hour ago and the hand with
the bandaid. it can be ten lines of ecstacy for ten reasons.
it can be a wish a lie a dream as Mr. Koch has given
rhythm & you
pay attention rhythm
& you
pay
attention, rhythm & you
pay rhythm & you
you
YOU!
you pay attention
words all over the page can be a musical
score

words all
over the page
can mean hopscotch

in
in
in (the mind)

words all over the page
maybe the way your grandma
fed her ducks is stuck inyour elbow.
maybe when you rub your tummy you
see your mother bakes bread
wiggle your toes and minnows
skim swim nibble your toes

roll your head

eyes closed

star poof

light TWINK

writeasfar esyoucan
a n d a s s l o w a s y o u

C
A
N

be a muscle
with a
flabby

M
I
N
Ddddd
d.

When you goof or crash or run out of gas SHUT UP!

Write down what's around you, what people begin saying
to eachother, find the carrots & the celery & the tomato
taste in the soup of thencise
give it back as more material

only you wanting to write & them wanting to write & what
you want to hear and
what you can hear
are the truth and the best way
finding the poem that speaks to us through us for us
through the murk of our attention

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT POETRY?

Albert
the Bradley Theron

How to let your sub-concious mind out:

the brain (see fig. a) is made up of the sub-concious mind, and the concious mind. In the waking hours, when the brain is held upright by the user, (?) the sub-concious juices (see fig. a) are kept in the sub concious mind. However, while user is asleep (see fig. b) the sub concious juices flow into half of the concious brain, thus dreams are created. If a poet should want to let all of his sub-concious mind out, all he has to do is hang upside-down, thereby filling the concious portion of the brain with sub-concious juices. One should be careful, however, in using this method, as if possition (See fig c) used, the brain may turn upside-down, necessitating hanging upside down to be concious.

fig. a

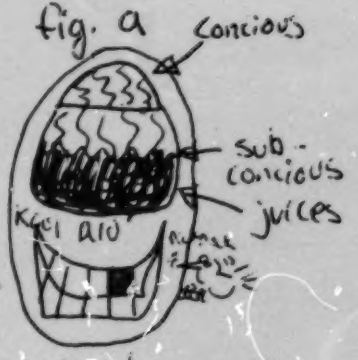


fig. b

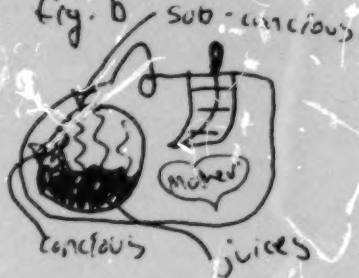
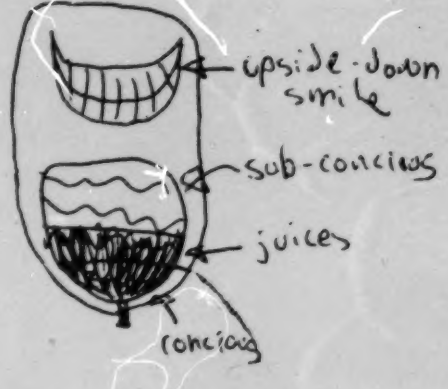


fig. c



YOU CAN'T EDUCATE A CHILD AND LEAVE OUT HER CULTURE

Nina Serrano
Poet/Teacher

fresh off the general gordon

i discovered amerika
in 1949

a six year old alien
who could only say hello

goodbye thankyou and my

name is serafin

we lived in a basement on
divisadero street where

my grandmother kept her
colony of immigrants
together with adobo and

rice
a commune of tangled tongues
reciting rosaries to father

flanagan on KRAP

first in the lineup at
cathedral presentation

where the playground was a
hill sloping down onto turk

street at sacred heart on
fillmore i directed traffic

using the wrong arm against
the light wearing my yellow

cap a badge of my limited

power

don't speak that foreign tongue
son you're in amerika we are

americans

i didn't see snow
till tahoe

Serafin Syquia
Poet, Teacher, Editor

You can't educate a child and leave out his culture. Serafin Syquia was a poet/teacher in the Poetry in the Schools program who wrote about the immigrant Filipino/American experience. Identifying with one of his students in the Grattan Elementary school, Serafin wrote the following poem:

grattan fourth grade flashback

in the back row
silence of

clasped fingers

shy eyes shy

tongue unsure
of "f" sounds

of accents in
the wrong

syllable lapping
up the energy

surrounding

in the back row
he sat with my

eyes decades ago

with my tongue
imprisoned in a

foreign cell

where syllables

hung

in varying sentences

While over 70% of the San Francisco school population is third world (Asian, Latino, Black) most of their education is not. One exception is the San Francisco Bilingual, Bicultural Program. This year Poetry in the Schools (P.I.T.S.) was lucky enough to bring poetry workshops into the bilingual, bicultural classrooms. Half of the children came from predominantly non English speaking homes and the others from predominantly English speaking. The teachers spoke in two languages to the children, who, to our surprise, had no difficulty in understanding and responding.

Basically the approach of the poets was to bring the language of the home, the streets and community into the classroom so that students could have a more complete and natural literary expression. A Spanish bilingual first grader wrote:

Train to beach
Water and boats
Comemos
*tortillas y frijoles**

*(We eat tortillas and beans)

The language of many third world people is not the language of the country from which the family migrated. Many years of living in ghettoes and barrios have produced a new hybrid language "La roof-a esta leak-iendo" is a "Spanglish" or "Pocho" sentence--English words with Spanish endings. There now exists a whole generation of poets who write, publish and give poetry readings in their communities in these new languages. Roberto Vargas' work is an example:

wet crystals of
happiness
no more crying
no lloras mas...

I see the look of
tomorrow
lighting my viejas
eyes

It is spring in the
universe
once
again

These poets' works began to set a new model in language which, like new ideas, does and will meet with resistance. But the poets are the vanguard of language; they popularize it by expressing themselves in print. They are expressing themselves publically in the language of the people giving literary validity to a language which already exists.

While grammarians and educators teach and preach the rules of the old language, the new and ever changing language is spoken under their windows. As an anonymous Black poet told us in song "You can keep the world from turnin' round, but you can't keep the movement from gainin' ground." Language is a living thing passed on with kisses and breakfast.

In the recent Lau decision the Supreme Court acknowledged that bilingual and bicultural children were not having their needs met. The San Francisco Examiner stated the following as page one news:

> The melting pot theory of American society is being replaced by a salad bowl concept as more and more immigrants come to the United States and contribute their cultural perspectives and heritage to the American mainstream. . . .

The US Supreme Court's landmark Lau decision did more than say that San Francisco's immigrant and non-English speaking children were getting shortchanged by the school system. It focused attention on the fact that American society is multi-cultural and that Americans can profit from this diverse and rich heritage.

The multi-lingual approach to language has brought enrichment to the English speaking Anglo child. I quote from the same article:

I want my children to know there's more than just the American white culture. I want them to have a good attitude to culture. You don't get the appreciation of another culture simply by having a 30-minute geography lesson.

You can't educate a child and leave out his culture. For the teacher who would like to know more about this new language or who would like to find "relevant materials" for "the inner city" student, I would like to offer some suggestions. Turn on the radio to a Black station (usually owned by whites but gearing its commercials and music and programming to Blacks). Listen to the words of the songs:

Boy was born in hard times Mississippi in four walls
that weren't too pretty. His parents gave him love and affection
To send him in the right direction

Earnin' just enough
Earnin' just enough
for the city

Stevie Wonder

Turn on the television to some local Third World programs. These are usually offered on Sundays or very early mornings as public service programming. They are geared to the various Asian, Latino, or Black audiences. You can become familiar with the political and social events in the Third World communities in your locality and learn of the latest local music and poetry.

Check out the anthologies of Black and other Third World poets, beginning to appear in bookstores. You may have to try off-beat bookstores. Contact Black studies and Ethnic studies departments at a local college or university. Ask them if there are any student anthologies available. Also look for the new anthologies of women poets, third world women, liberated women, welfare women. Their poetic voices have also been excluded and suppressed and now re-appear with a special sensibility and imagery. You can't educate a child and leave out her culture.

Check it out.

P.I.T.S.

SEED DE DREAM

DE DISTINCTIONS

DEFINE

DEFINITION

SEED DE SEED

SEE DE SEED

MAKE THE SPROUT

SPROUT

SPROUT OUT

BE THE SEED

SEE DE SEED

SPROUT A SHOUT

'BOUT THE HIGH FLYIN' BIRD

THAT THE WORD BE

Pamala Donnegan
Poet/Teacher

HOW TO ORGANIZE A POETRY WORKSHOP

Dee Lemos
Poet/Teacher
Mendocino High School

Teacher

The first step is "selling" the idea to the administration who in turn sells the idea to the School Board and to the County Superintendent of Schools. In my case, this was easy as all were interested in innovative methods to stimulate students who otherwise might be "turned off." The above steps are important since the local school district and the county school department are responsible for budgeting half of the money involved. It is very important that the first one go well, and that there be support from all directions. After this step was taken, I discussed the idea with the faculty, since they too have to be enthusiastic in order to allow students the freedom to attend the workshop from other classes.

We took care to find a room that was large enough with ample board space and a large table or desk on which papers can be stacked for distribution. We used our cafeteria once, but it did not work well because of the lack of chalkboards. I then contacted the local coordinator and set up two or three tentative dates. I checked these dates first with the building principal since it is wise to schedule a workshop at some time when there are not too many other school activities. It is best not to schedule too near the beginning or end of a school year. I found that October was a good time, for students had had time to do some writing by then, and from that point the stimulus to write might continue for the rest of the year. As a follow-up, April or early May is good since at this time sometimes motivations begin to lag.

After we decided which week to hold the first leg of the program, I made the living arrangements for the poets for that week. I checked with the coordinator as to how much expense money they had and made arrangements at inns in Mendocino that had reasonable rates and that were unique so that their stay would be pleasant. I invited the poets to our home on their arrival for dinner so we could talk about the first day's schedule and plans for the week. It also gives a chance for the teacher in charge and

the poets to get to know each other personally and socially. I consider the friendships that have developed of utmost importance to me, to the school, and to the community.

We ran our workshops for four periods a day, two in the morning and two in the afternoon. (This is sufficient since it requires a lot of energy on the part of the poets and the participants, and everyone needs to recharge for the next day.) Before the first session, I collect work previously written that semester in my creative writing classes and have someone type selections, maybe six to eight pages, on ditto so that we have multiple copies. It is with this that they begin. Generally these are all read, criticized, and edited; in this process they begin to learn about each other's poetry. Since my classes automatically went to the workshop, I was able to attend most sessions. This was a very valuable learning experience for me as I saw students beginning to participate who otherwise had not. It is an excellent way for teachers to learn new methods and techniques in presenting writing exercises. I asked students to turn in, by the end of each day, the new things that they had written so we could get these dittoed for distribution for the next day's session--even though this took some doing.

Publicity is important. We ran articles about the workshop in the local paper before and after. Once we borrowed a video-tape camera from an adjoining school and arranged a showing of our last session on the local cable weather station. We have also taped sessions. These are good devices to use as you can go back and replay them, and students have a chance to hear themselves and see themselves in action. At the end of a session I always write letters of appreciation to the School Board and to the County Schools Office; everyone likes to be thanked and it makes for good public relations.

Because the County Schools Office pays for part of this, two or three weeks in advance of the workshop, I ask the Superintendent of Schools to send a notice to all the schools in the county about our workshop. We invite each school to bring five (or whatever you have space for) for the last day. We also ask them to bring multiple copies of their work. We have had guests from four other high schools. This is a very good way to get other schools excited about having one of their own. It has led to involving our local grammar school in the program.

I think it is also good to have an informal meeting mid-week to which parents are invited. We did this after school on Wednesday. I sent a dittoed invitation with each student to parents. We had a good response, and I also personally invite people to come who I think would be interested. It gives the poets a chance to discuss the program, and parents have been

very enthusiastic. I try to get someone in from the newspaper as they give us good coverage. Try to get photographs also either by using student photographers or local photographers. We use these photos in our yearbook, our school newspaper, and in the local paper.

It is important to keep good relations within the school. I ask students to sign up with teachers' permission. Our faculty has been most cooperative, but I ask students to be also. In other words, if they are excused to go to the workshop, they must be responsible to do so.

Because creative writing deals so much with expression of feelings and emotions, it should be as free as possible; however, the question of how to deal with controversial subjects, such as the use of obscenities, may arise. I think you have to ask the poets to use good judgment; they should not have to become censors because the flow of the class might become restricted. Depending on the school climate, you have to deal with obscene language according to the atmosphere of your situation. If indeed it becomes offensive to any of the participants and might arouse adverse criticism from the community, I think that the situation can be discussed, and students generally will "cool it" and understand why they perhaps have to use discretion and judgment for the success of the entire program.

Our school is perhaps as much of a cross-section as any. Our student body is made up of "straights" and of many counter-culture groups. We really have had no problems in the above mentioned areas. The best approach, I believe, is to be reasonable and understanding, and to have respect for all concerned.

The poetry workshop, after three years, is the highlight of our year. I firmly believe it can be any school's most rewarding experience. We publish our works in a creative writing magazine at the end of each year. This year's copy sold out on the first day of sale. This kind of support speaks for itself.

The teacher in charge then must be the public relations person. Organize it especially with the administration; organize it with the poets and students; be on top of things whether they be physical or emotional; get the community involved with publicity and invitations; and do all you can to help the poets have good vibrations because their enthusiasm for your school will make the program go. You will reap the harvest of writing that you would not have felt possible.

THE POETS COME TO OUR SCHOOL TODAY

they come into our classroom for an hour asking
us poems asking us what we would feel like to be
a brain or a cloud or a blade of grass or dead
they say draw a picture of a ghost and we draw
ghosts with eight eyes ghosts with smiles as big
as sunrise the poetry people scribble down what
we tell them about our ghost drawings and then
they soup it all together intoa beautiful poem
then they ask us to write a lie the craziest lie
we can think of I tell them i won't lie cause
blue babboons never tell a lie they tell us
stories about eagles and jumping mice they hand
us tarot cards we look at the cards and write
down what we see in the future I saw rainbows
of flying fish I didn't write that down cause
its a secret all for myself then the poetry
people go away to visit another classroom I'll
tell them my secret next time they come

Mendocino, Comptche and Elk
Elementary Schools
Peter Veblen, Poet,
and Julia Vose, Master Poet/Teacher

18

TALES OF THE MAGIC BIRD

The Magic Bird eats grass.
The Magic Bird is flying to Los Angeles
to fly around and turn people into pigs.

William

The Magic Bird has window wings.
He's throwing a volcano to the ground.
It splashes.
The Magic Bird flys away to San Francisco

Lenise

The Magic Bird made the tree turn purple.
He is diving for fish and then disappears.

Alaric

It's raining on a sunny day.
The Magic Bird is going south.

Lina

"I want my mother!" says the Magic Bird.
His mother is a peacock. She is home in Alaska.

Lenny

The Magic Bird has two beaks. He's green.
He lays eggs the way they always do it,
from his wings. He has a parachute on his back.
He has a whale spout on his nose. The Magic Bird
is flying to outer space to look for rocks and bugs.

Chris

Black mixed with Red. That's how magic is made.
On his wings are little faces that glow at night.
They help the Magic Bird from big birds.

Andy

The Magic Bird drops a bomb into a hole where a dog
is burying a bone.

Sam

Poems from Drawings
1st - 2nd Grade
Peter Veblen
Mendocino Elementary

Spider
she has a house head with worms
bat hands over her head
a chicken body
and she eats her hair

Joanna
Kindergarten
Mendocino Elementary

Everybody knows what every body else is saying without talking. It's not E.S.P. but you know. It's like a big candy store and its funnier than being alive.

Unsigned
4th-5th Grade
Mendocino Elementary

If I were dead I would
see dark and feel some
kind of material and smell
old fur like Ive been
Burried with a furry animal.

Jill Holtbouse
4th-5th Grade
Mendocino Elementary

I see clearness in the sky. I see a big sun that never dies. There are lots of lots of flowers like its raining flowers. I see loneliness like I am the only person alive. I can fly. I want to fly.

Unsigned
4th-5th Grade
Mendocino Elementary

It is clear, white
Feels like ice, cold ice
Smells like sugar.
Sounds like our ears are plugged up with peanut butter.
Like marshmellows inside a telephone.
Nothing dreams of something in something.
A light.
Nothing would be this whole world not even a world.
The sky, bubblegum stuck up your eyes.

A Group Poem
Kindergarten
Mendocino Elementary

IF I WAS A BRAIN

If I was a brain i would know a lot Would get an A in Math i got it from the top.

If I were an ear I would turn off through the lung and drive right in the heart i would drive to the mouth and yell my head off and say dirty words.

Shawn Fratis
Mendocino Elementary

I won 30,000,000,000 dollars worth of chicken feed and cornered the market and doubled my income in the chicken feed business.

Anonymous
4th-5th Grade
Mendocino Elementary

I'M A BREAST

I'm dreaming about feeding someone

Anonymous
4th-5th Grade
Mendocino Elementary

A GOAT MILK DRINKING MONSTER

He's got whiskers to sweep the floor.
His eyes stick out on top of his head.
He's got chicken pox , blue chicken pox,
but he's real happy.

Kate
1st-3rd Grade
Mendocino Elementary

There was a man who was a shoemaker he had so many shoes he couldn't fit them in a big box. He took them and he went to the dump. He threw them away. He kept the best ones. He got caught throwing them away then he got away from the police so that he could quit his job.

Peggy
Comptche Elementary

GOD LITTLE FEET

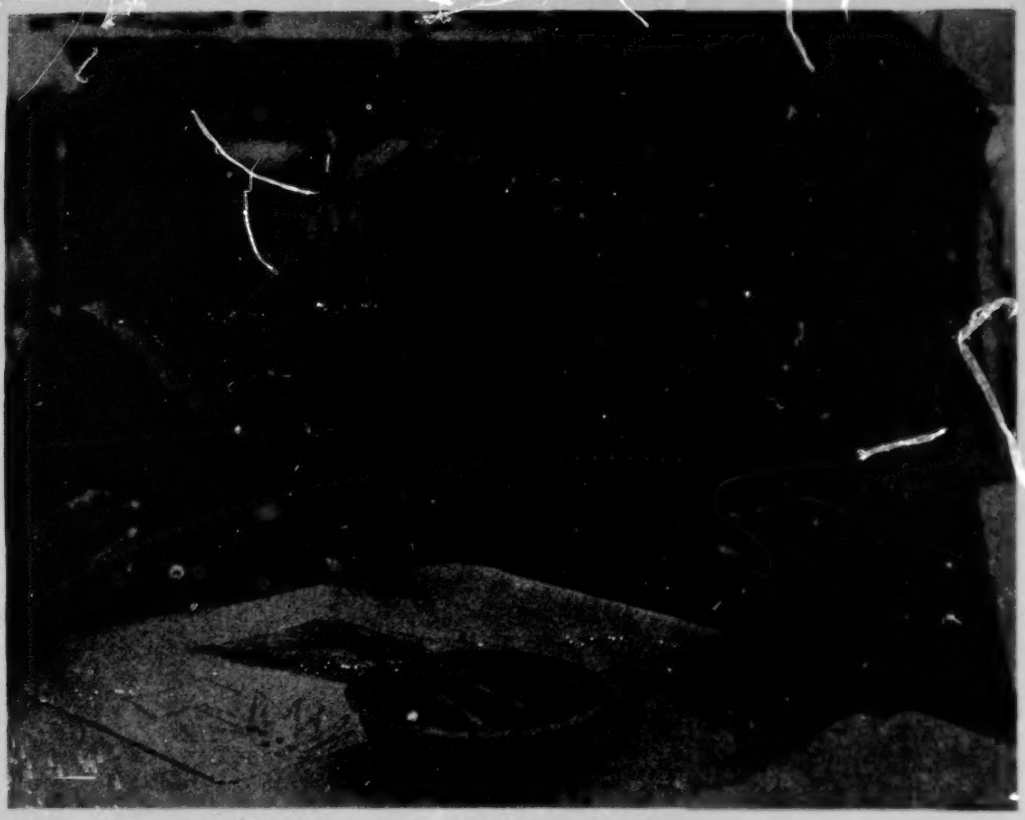
He has tiny hands.
He has big red eyes.
God Little Feet
Lives at Dead Man's Point.

Eric
1st-3rd Grade
Mendocino Elementary

Making Trails

Sometimes I make trails in the forest
by stamping or deers come along
tromping
sometimes look aroun' and stuff
or follow my footsteps back
or look for a bid pine tree above the rest of the trees
or stay close to the river
or follow the streams

George
Comptche Elementary



MOON POEM

Inside the moon is cheese
 inside the cheese is milk
 inside the milk is vitamins and astronauts
inside the astronauts is tang
inside the tang is a nose
inside the nose is a hair
 inside the hair are snakes
 inside the snakes are mice
inside the mice is cheese

A Group Poem
Comptche Elementary

A LONELY DESERT

Long ago a man went
 to a desert. And he
heard a voice and this
 is what it said:
 I AM KING. KING
OF THE WAY YOU ARE WALKING.

Page
Comptche Elementary

PETER AND PETER X

Doug Fruwald
University High, Irvine

Peter down the hall goes to North Western New Mexico State. He wants to be an advertising man. If he had his way right now he would be living forty stories up in a plush New York penthouse, drinking high-octane Martinis and fingering a just-nubile girl of nineteen, well-perfumed and well-deodorized. But he is not. He carries a bag of groceries to his refrigerator, turns on the TV, sweating like a pig.

Perhaps there are times in men's lives when they are like prisms, reflecting different colors until one day colors dazzle them which are off the color scale, invisible feelings.

Peter thinks a horse is the answer to industrial pollution.

To really begin with, though: Peter is two separate individuals. There is Peter and there is Peter X. I know only Peter, my neighbor; Peter X is still a subtle mystery to me. And to Peter.

Peter's hobbies included tearing the wings off of butterflies, going to funerals, and lighting pigeons on fire, watching them beat their wings furiously, live twirling fireworks. He is an average American working his way through college. He plays tennis occasionally.

It is imperative that you and Peter know this: IF YOU ARE NOT ONE OF THE RATS THEN YOU MUST BE BUILDING THE MAZE.

Late at night he is reading the newspaper. It says: "Crimes on Increase," "Capitol Bomb Threat Thwarted," and "Criminals Favor Capital Punishment." Peter is happy he lives in a land flowing with milk and honey.

A girl with powder and pink lips goes into Peter's room every night for an hour or so. She is Ramona. Last week Peter tried to commit

suicide by eating his brains out, ripping pieces off like lettuce and chewing it adequately to insure good digestion. But Ramona came along in the nick of time that afternoon and rushed him to the hospital. A taxidermist stuffed his head with cotton. Thank God he will be his old self again.

Peter called me to his apartment the other day. I asked him where his family was. He stared back bland and vacuous. "My mother and father are not here; they lie in separate jars on my mantel piece in ashes." Ah, yes, I thought, remembering I had tapped cigarette ashes into his father or mother the last time I was over. I lfet Peter's because Ramona came over, visibly upset: her dog had made a puddle on her framed picture from high school.

WHERE IN THE HELL IS PETER X HIDING?

Peter dreams about Forest Lawn and a dozen fat maggots eating his eyes out and wriggling from his ears, one hopelessly lodged in one of his thin nostrils. The ephemerility of life. Death. Decay. It was his future.

Peter begins to understand how fragile things are. How mountains shatter and crumble at an accusing stare. How relationships fell apart with looks delivered side-ways and unspoken words. How rivers and streams turned pink with embarrassment at noticed mistakes.

These
Fragile
Words
May
Slip
Off
The
Page
Before Your Very Eyes.

Peter and Ramona sit with their legs scissored, staring at one another intently, until Ramona becomes bored and turns on the television. A western. Now how banal can you get, Peter thought. Peter turns the TV off. They stare at each other again. Peter suggests they become vegetarians. Ramona suggested dearly that Peter should run away to the East and spend the end of his days as a Buddhist monk.

Didn't I read somewhere that Vegetarianism is a form of death-wish?

Days and night and days pass, dying away and being reborn like modern

mythological phoenix's. Peter's grades at college lowered like a meat scale. Ramona talks to him incessantly about his problems and personal foibles. His life is a lesson in lethargy. He begins wondering who the hell Peter X is.

He studies monsters. The hydra of Lerna. Trolls. Gnomes. Cyclopses. He wonders how many claws he has, how many eyes, how many fangs, how many monsters he has been and will be in the future. He no longer knows himself.

Ramona comes to him, sobbing uncontrollably. It seems she has lost her dog and fears him to be run over somewhere, a flattened pile of bloodied fur. To comfort her, Peter takes a chicken bone out of the garbage can and hands it to her. Ramona drops it, crying. She runs out of the apartment.

It is raining. Peter notices how the street reflects car lights like a highly polished pot. Glancing across into the next apartment building Peter sees a woman washing dishes, encased in glass as he is, perhaps looking at him and thinking the same thing.

There is not one iota of truth to the story that Peter has not changed at all. He is not Peter X, however; Peter X is a flower blooming in the desert.

WOULD PETER X PLEASE CALL PETER?

What is the X for? It denotes a man who is a man unto himself; self sufficient. Ramonas and last names are not necessary to him.

Peter sits on his toilet and grimaces, eating the core of an apple. He throws the fruit down the toilet, watching it twirl away with the flush. It is here that Peter realizes that not being dead is not the same as being alive, a fact Peter X has known for a long time.

RECIPES

EXPERIMENT W/DIALOGUE WRITING

Equipment: TV set
12 min. tape of electronic TV test patterns (these are unidentifiable electronic sounds).

This is a writing project Bev Dahlen & I did at Strobridge Jr. High School in Castro Valley. All examples of writing came from the 8th grade classes of Mary Donnelson.

Turn on TV with sound off & tape on. Tell the class the objective is to write what they think the characters are saying and doing--ask them to set up situations & put words into the TV characters' mouths. Without words to rely on, the TV perspective is completely different. Visually, soap operas, commercials, money games, animated cartoons lose their individual boundaries & take on new relationships. The strange, electronic sounds add a further dimension. Taryn wrote:

> Without the sound that we're accustomed to
> the world stands between you and me.

This writing assignment does a number of things:

It breaks form (how we have looked at television--also theater, movies.
It makes new connections, juxtapositions, metaphors (without the natural sound, Melissa says, "water is a tunnel").
It uses other senses (sight & sound) to stimulate thinking & writing.
It changes perspective (& one of the offshoots of this is anger at the pressures of commercialism).
It feels good, creative & fun to write this way!

> Commercial, the life we live in is
> all confusing. Trying to make you into
> a sucker all by playing it smart
> and making you feel down. Up, down
> up, down. Equal to each other but these
> convincing explanations and you not
> being able to say anything because of
> the continuous talking.
> The pressure is on your mind is trying

to say no but the impressions are too
great. If you don't you'll be an obstacle
being made faces at. What is it?
What should I do? They're getting serious
now. I'm losing. I'm winning. Confused
surprised. Pressure is driving me crazy.
Alert, alert, alert your will-power. All
contacts in pressure are still great. Let's
get off the subject. Coming
back again. No way to avoid it.
A battle. I'm sick, they're winning.
They're saying the same thing, "It's
terrific, everyone needs one." "Ours
is best." Here we go. "O.K., I'll
buy it!"

Sonya Roth

Ali Light
Poet/Teacher

SACRAMENTO HIGH

I wrote the poem, *Aqui no jala*, on the board and asked the kids to translate parts of it wherever they wanted to.

Aqui no jala
(the hummingbirds)
dijo Martin
(wings are tired)
mi primo I pescador
(so little for)
pero eso fue antes que I saco
(so many tears)
un pez de una flor

Then I asked them to write their own poems in response to this poem.

Acquire no joy
The humming bird
dies marvelously
Why so many tears
for the little winged
creature? He is at
peace with the
flourshing flowers

My little humming birds looks like death
My little humming birds always looks his best
My little humming birds got shot in his chest
My poor little humming bird silent as he rest.

Judy Hill

"Oh wow no chillie man"
(the hummmmmmins bird's starvvvving
Eagle Martin *a bete!*

(his wings are tired)
and he died
(so little for)
his life
(so many tears)
on the petals of flowers

Vinod

the donkey is in jail
he said martin was lost
my cousin the fisherman
wishes teresa a happy day
but that was before
the humming bird cried
and the waves fled the sea

I lie and wait for something
but I have learned not
to look through the waves of tears
and I have seen thoughts so
fast that I could not get
a piece for yours and mine but
my head is gone and my arms
are limp and life is dead and
so am I but still I wait for
something.

Luis Gonszales
Poet

TIMING/ELEMENTARY CLASSES

What a kindergarten thru third grade class might do in one hour.

1. Start, "Got any idea what a thing called poetry is?" BLAM! Conversation happening and your lonely speech is over. Repeat and/or play on every idea they bring up. Even kindergartners know "it's some stuff you write down and it comes in a birthday card." Where does it come from? "Your feelings." Where are your feelings? "Inside." If they say rhyme, play with a few. They'll take off.

2. I get each to say their name. Then repeat the name with everyone chanting and clapping its rhythm. Mime mirror the way they say it if you feel like it. Tiny, soft, big, hard etc.

3. OOOOO do be a circle. Concentration is about 15 minutes max, circle makes it last.

4. Feel the magic in your body. Which do you like better? "The cloud is high" or "The cloud is a pillow"? Well everybody goes for the last one. Have a partner writing down everything said. Lead them a little "The cloud is a a a. . ." "It's a ghost. . .is a thing of all water/ turns into sugar after it bends/ into the sky at night/ a big ball that waters the earth/ it's a little house upsidedown/ it's a big ball of stuff that goes cscscscscshhhh!!!!" Well they've played with metaphor and won't know it for years. Have your partner read back. . . . "Hey, we made a poem, we made a cloud poem."

5. I draw interest back to POEM (sort of why you're here). Read a child's poem. I say a little one from *Miracles*, "I am fainty/ I am fizzy/ I am floppy." I mime it with them. Faint, fizz and flop.

6. I relate to general condition of environment. Weather, buildings being wrecked, noise. Get them to imagine being a monster coming out of it. Say monster and they're with you. Get them to be its body, physically. "You two there are the eyes, where is your mouth, tell your mouth to come over here. . . ." When I get it assembled, I ask its pertinent parts what they smell, taste, hear, feel. Then it moves around. Before it starts socking and punching itself out I ask them to draw it. While they do this, my partner and I ask them about their drawing. We read aloud a poem as it is finished. Let others keep working.

Fills up an hour

GRADES 4 THRU 6. Can use many techniques you might use in high school, but keep your raps brief or you'll be talking to yourself.

1. I start with the "What is P....." question, but write up on board to give credence to their intuitions, add your own. The rest of the connection/rap is a conversation. Always different. Anything from Nixon's underwear to the unconscious.

2. Now I read a montage of different kinds of poems to them. Idea poems, picture poems, rhythmic poems, nonsense poems. I ask them to write down words and phrases while they're listening, or flashes of their own. When I finish reading about 15 minutes, I ask them to look over what they've written down and write non-stop for three to five minutes. The idea is to get those thoughts flowing down that arm fast enough so they don't worry what they'll say next. Don't look back till you're finished. Automatic writing tells me a lot about the kids I'm with--what their sense of time, freedom, fear is. Next session might be based on this material. I have them read their pieces aloud.

3. I read a group fantasy about the family that lives under the school.

4. Oh, yeah. . .I encourage anyone to draw if they'd rather.

5. Sometimes I rap about why I began writing, why I still do--if they ask. I may or may not initiate this.

6. I have them write to music. "Songs of the Humpback Whale," Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring," Jazz, anything strongly lyrical. A chance to get some cracks in for clues on how to make a poem look on a page. Start just scribbling till something comes, lay the bursts of thought down when the music moves you, and where.

7. I pick words out of their automatic writing, put them on cards. I deal the cards out five at a time to each student. I have them arrange the cards to their pleasure, use it for the first line of a poem.

8. Collaborations--partners. They take turns writing lines, five lines each, careful to cover the line they have just finished. No one knows what the piece looks like till both are finished. Kids are usually surprised at how coherent they are. Some cracks here for language cohering of its own.

9. Concrete poem. I show them some. Event--I have everyone toss out an object. . .hershey bar, muffler, shoe, hat, dance ticket, banana. . .

whatever they've got. I put it in the middle. I invite people to arrange it in different ways, maybe with a muffler sneaking into a shoe, hershey bar in hat, etc. I have people write either literal descriptions or concrete poems.

Julia Vose
Master Poet/Teacher
Northern California

HOW THIS GROUP POEM GOT MADE

Rainy day in Mendocino. Judy Stavely's kindergarten class at Mendocino Elementary. Read a poem to connect with huge storm clouds that are literally on top of us in a big sky panorama. Read old student poem that goes "the lightning is an old witch's finger reaching out for anything it can reach." My partner, Peter Veblen, writes down what the kids say as they begin popping out what "my lightning is. . . ." I repeat it and build it out loud as we create it. When we finish, Peter reads it back:

LIGHTNING

One night the witch reached
for me

it struck my finger

Lightning is a picklehead
Lightning is a light that cuts
    back and forth
    down thru the sky
Lightning is a chimney
Lightning is a bullhorn
    coming thru the sky
Lightning is a weirdo because it's crooked

Lots of lightning up in the city called
    Mammoth

Lightning has a crooked little kitty
    and a crooked little house
    and a crooked little dog

Julia Vose
Master Poet/Teacher

HUEVOS

Mrs. Robinson's 3rd period class at Sutter Jr. High School; included were a Dutch speaker, a Portuguese speaker, two Spanish speakers, a couple of Chinese speakers, and a miscellaneous one! Everyone who could gave me a word in a language other than English. I wrote the words on the blackboard spelling them the way they would sound to an English-speaker: *erva, loupen, feo, pulgas, hailo, seeyouguy, escombe.* Most of the students didn't know any of the words; some knew only those that they had given. The class checked out the words, said them out loud, stressing each word differently--*es-com-BE, es-COM-be, ES-com-be*--and tried to find similar words in English for them: *pulgas* = pull gas, *feo* = fail, and so on. The exercise involved the students' giving these words their own definitions and then using them in a poem. The poem could be written using only these words, or it could be in English with these words distributed throughout. The object of this exercise was to get the students to use their own background, or to give them something unfamiliar and new as materials for their own creating.

1

Hey Escombe pulgas!
Erva Loupen feo?
Hailo! Seeyouguy

2

The weary woman in her *feo* dress
walked back from the funeral
and walked

3

Ou erva hailo le escombe
seeyouguy feo le pulgas
de le one loupen

The following day we read these in class and then we found out what the words really meant: *erva* = grass, *loupen* = walking, *feo* = ugly, *pulgas* = fleas, *hailo* = right on! (Chinese-American slang), *seeyouguy* = soy sauce chicken, *escombe* = rubber in many ways.

Luis Gonzales
Poet

ABRAHAM LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL
San Francisco, California

African Lit Class
Teacher, Ms. Davis

"Reading, Records, Rapping and 'Riting"

I read some poems from my book, *Black Gibraltar*. The poems I chose represented a kind of blues. After the poems were read and discussed, I began to play records I had chosen just for this theme. These records also expressed different kinds of blues. I gave the students my impressions and reactions to the songs by jotting on the board thoughts and feelings that came to me while the records were playing. I also jotted down the song and singer and put him in a "blues" category. At one point, one of the students was moved to mention "Lady Sings The Blues" and I put Billy Holliday in our "Lifetime Blues" category. The blackboard looked something like this:

Marvin Gaye "Inner-city Blues" The-bad-living-condition blues.
Syl Johnson "Is It Because I'm Black" The-just-'cause-I'm-black blues.
Sam Cooke "Change Gonna Come" The-hopeful-for-tomorrow blues.
Lou Rawls "Tobacco Road" Roach-on-my-kitchen-sink blues.

Each member of the class was then told to write his or her blues poem and bring it to class the next day.

Leona Welch
Poet

FREMONT ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
Santa Rosa, California

I asked the children what they thought poetry was and put their random answers on the blackboard. I asked them for colors, kinds of food, what's happening in Santa Rosa, what's happening in the world, names of rivers, etc. All of their responses were put on the board and we made a scramble poem. Then I asked them if, when they got up in the morning, got dressed, ate breakfast, if they could think about it now, would they think about it backwards or forwards. For instance, how does the spoon or fork taste as you take it out of your mouth before the first bite of food and go back and brush your teeth? I went on to illustrate how this might work by reading a portion of Kurt Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse-Five:*

> American planes full of holes and wounded men and corpses took off backwards from an airfield in England. Over France a few German fighter planes flew at them backwards, sucked bullets and shell fragments from some of the planes and crewmen. . .etc etc. . . . The American fliers turned in their uniforms, became highschool kids. And Hitler turned into a baby, Billy Pilgrim supposed.
>
> abridged excerpt

I followed this with a poem from Faye Kicknosway's book *Poem Tree*

> the man explodes
> the man with the bomb at the foot of the stairs
> the man in the pail of the bomb on the stairs
> the stairs are a man and a pail with a bomb
> the bomb is the stairs
> the pail is the stairs
> the man thinks it's funny
> the pail thinks it's fine
> the man is a hook and the pail is a bear
> the bear is a bomb and is raining
> the rain is a man with a pail full of stairs
> the stairs are his feet
> his feet are made of lettuce
> they say funny things

they are a chimney with a man at its foot
they are being eaten by a dog with a tail like a hook

I repeated the first eight lines of the poem and asked the children to write as fast as they could, scribble, draw, anything, for five minutes trying not to let their hands stop.

David Plumb
Poet/Teacher

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

The name of the game is "Free the Poet," a situation in which the students write poems or draw pictures to the pirate captain of the ship in order to free the poet. The captain will not free the poet unless the children write a poem or draw a picture. The poems can be written (with help of teacher/poet) to either the captain or the captured poet. The poet will acknowledge their poems with a poem of his own. These poems or drawings will be the ransom to free the poet.

Suggestions for starting:

One stormy night
a pirate ship
was fighting the large waves at sea
On this large overgrown boat
Was a sad captured poet. . . .

Let the children work from this point.

Ruben Ruybal
Poet

EMERSON SCHOOL
Kindergarten, 1st and 2nd Grades

I asked the class what their ideas about poetry were, then lit sticks of incense and passed them around making sure each child took a good whiff. They then wrote a class poem about their feelings about the incense. I did the same thing with garlic, only this time I had the class close their eyes. They wrote another poem, then I passed a strong smelling bar of soap around which everyone could both smell and feel. Another poem followed.

The bilingual, bicultural influence came through clearly in the second grade class where there were two boys from Tokyo who spoke very little English. Through the translations of the teacher's aid they contributed two lines to the class poem about incense.

It smells like something close to Buddha
It smells like the bones of a dead body

They associated the smell of incense with Buddhist temples and shrines, ancestors and funerals. Children born in the United States were more likely to say

It smells like somebody smoking a sparkler

These same two boys also wrote individual poems in Japanese.

Doug Yamamoto
Poet/Teacher

MITCHELL JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL
Sacramento, California

On a day when things were apparently going to be restless and noisy from the start, I started with, "Take off your shoes." Almost everyone giggled and said, "Huh?" Object: to tell how their feet felt (very important part of body), tell how body and head felt without using words like foot, head, leg or body to describe feeling.

Elaine Jennings Staley
Poet

MIRA COSTA HIGH SCHOOL
Los Angeles, California

I asked the class to write a poem about their bodies. I mentioned Pablo Neruda's *Ritual of my Legs* in which he praises the simplicity of his legs ("without complicated content/ of senses or trachea or intestines or ganglia.").

Accomplishment

Pedaling rhythmically
With the deliberation of
a locomotive
I steer my tricycle in circles
Around the backyard patio
The family lemon tree
Had just dropped an oval fruit
Ripe and yellow and fascinating
I speeded up
Bearing down hard on the pedals
With my strong, strong legs
Pumping piston-like
I ran over the lemon
Again and again
And when I was finished
Lemon juice and pulp and rind and seeds
Covered the cement
Then I sat back on my trike
Panting slightly from my effort
Looking at the
freshly pungent sticky mess
Satisfied with a job well done

Michele Berggren

William Mohr
Poet

STROBRIDGE JUNIOR HIGH
Castro Valley, California

At Strobridge Junior High in Castro Valley Ali Light and I worked with two 8th grade classes. We also had one hour each week for small workshops--5 or 6 students met with each of us during the noon hour in the Library.

In my small workshop last week I thought it would be fun to ask the students to write magic spells, chants, or make up recipes for magic potions. We talked about it for a while. I read them two "real" magic spells from books: "The Killer," a Cherokee Indian spell, from Rothenberg's *Technicians of the Sacred* (p. 70) and "Charm for a Sudden Stitch" from Charles W. Kennedy's translations in his *An Anthology of Old English Poetry* (p. 70).

Here are a couple of poems from that session.

Vanessa Dawson decided to write a spell to "turn Bev back to normal":

Bev, Bev you've got a good
head. Black moss & Junk
out of mud, Elf ears with
bloody skin waste, waste, wasting
the moose's time to eat
dinner. Goose guts wrapped
in devil eyes, you'll return

to a normal life.

Mailie LaZarr, a teacher, has an underground reputation for being a witch in that school anyway--so this project was right up her alley. She wrote two spells. Here is one of them:

To restore light

To break eternal darkness that thee knows all too well
Gather for this one you seek help for
Nothing
For power to heal is within thyself

But think of this verse to help you
As the girl plucks berries from the bush
I pluck stars from the sky
To put them into a shiny pink shell
Surrounded by deep green leaves
And cast these do I to the wind
Above a blue fire from dry bones and corn husks
I touch thy now my soul to yours and
The light of your world you now see
Thee must hold dear else it fly away

Beverly Dahlen
Poet/Teacher

RECIPE

Children were asked to make themselves small and find a hiding place in the classroom.

I am hiding under Mrs. Martinez Desk.
I am Dust.
Lalainn

Leona Welch
Poet/Teacher

SEQUELL HIGH SCHOOL
Santa Cruz, California

Automatic writing: Students free associate, writing fast.

Problem and advice: Students pair up; each one writes a problem or statement or whatever, and then the partners exchange papers and give each other advice.

Reading and Association: Teachers read stories or poems or stock-market averages while students free associate on paper.

Word Shuffle: Each student writes a word on slips of paper which are shuffled into goofy poems.

Picture Responses: Show or pass around variety of pictures which students caption, or write about, or free associate with.

Conversation Poem: Read example(s) (e.g., "Mr. Flood's Party") and then students write internal dialogue, or overheard dialogue, or dialogue in pairs.

Cutouts: Students cut out words from magazines and arrange them into poems.

Priority Lists: Students make a list of the things that are most important to them and then incorporate those things into a poem.

Power: You gain the kind of power you've always wanted to have--what do you do? What happens?

Remembered Strong Impulse: Students write from a phrase like "I remember when. . . ."

Invisible Poem: The effect of things which are not there upon the present.

Freaky Grocery List: Class or individuals make out a crazy grocery list.

Graffiti Poem: Students write on large sheet of paper.

Messages: Students send messages around the room with or without signing their names.

Cube Poem: Words on cube which is turned different directions for different combination of words.

Odes: Poems in praise of anything.

Pictographs: Poems which take the shape of objects.

Half-crazy Poem: Half the poem makes sense, the other half or random lines do not.

Concrete Poetry: Move words about on the page, out of the usual ordering system so that the space becomes important.

Steve Wiesinger
Teacher

POEMS

The Only Way To Get In Is To Get Out

I want to speak to the
Interior Mind
Decorator
Why
Because
Why
Because
It's too hard to arrange
You'll just
have to
stay
messed up

Annie Leveton
Mendocino H.S.

A Catastrophic Montage

We speak of such
relevant events.
All projected as a slapstick comedy
in an old, rundown theater.
Someone steps down the aisle,
saying to me, "Is this seat
taken?"
"No," I say.
Flashes of death, destruction and
tiny guppies fill the square screen
in front of us. A fading dream
is the projectionist.
"The movie's choppy," he says.
The popcorn is dry in my mouth.
Double feature.
I miss the guppies.
What did he say his name was?

Mark Haukaas
Abraham Lincoln H.S.,

A swing back and forth
back & forth, back & forth in the wind
a million doors all in a row
in a great hall
all squeaking

Robin Kilker
Mitchell Jr. H.S.
Rancho Cordova

LETTER TO A DEAD FRIEND

WISH YOU COULD KNOW ME NOW, JIMMY.
THE SHY LITTLE GIRL GOT MAD AT THE WORLD
AND GREW UP IN SPITE OF IT.

YOU WERE MY FRIEND.
EVERY BREATH OF AIR THAT YOU TOOK IN SURPRISED YOU.
YOU TOLD ME THAT WE LIVE IN HELL. I BELIEVED YOU.
HELLO DEAD FRIEND
WHY DID YOU ESCAPE FROM HELL BY YOURSELF?
DIDN'T YOUR MOMMY TELL YOU THAT ONE SHOULD SHARE
ONE'S PLEASURES? WITH OPEN ARMS?
BY THE TIME I DIE AND BY THE TIME I GET TO
WHERE YOU'RE AT, YOU'D ALREADY ESCAPED FROM
THERE.
BET I COULD BEAT YOU THERE.

Karoll Mead
College Park H.S.
Pleasant Hill

A LETTER OF LOVE

It's getting hard for me to say things
and twice as hard to write them
I think it's because all my thoughts
are constantly about you.
Separation
is not the key to find true love.
It only opens up things
I thought we had locked away forever.
When I want most to scream for you,
I can't
so I get this picture of you
screaming for me
and that seems worse.
If I could throw you the key
would you take it calmly
and come back, to open me?

Jain Lemos
Mendocino H.S.
Mendocino

You're a cool breeze,
slick as ice.
Glassy eyes, slick clothes, hair due
you've got it all.

You're a cool breeze,
slick as ice.
Talk bad, look bad, be bad
You've got it all.

Mark
Luther Burbank H.S.
Sacramento

A DREAM

The non-noise was at an even unloudness
The new-old new games
were being played
hard and mean
with ancestral delight
in the large non-stadium housing grass courts
green and bright

I snuck a blonde girl-child away from her father
she was 12 and pretty
I seduced her
and she liked it
the non-stadium noise rolled on

They were playing in the stadium
thousands and thousands
of non-spectators present
but not watching
the non-games
Her father came looking
and we went to non-dinner
The whole stadium waited swiftly
in short moving lines
while the men non-athletes
showed us how far they could
kick the balls into the stands

I tried too
they could kick further
and better
than I

J. Burt
Abraham Lincoln H.S., S.F.

I was dreaming about complete
nothingness. I guess that's because the
poems were so soothing that
they put me to sleep.

Keith McCrear
Abraham Lincoln H.S., S.F.

Anger

Anger, push me back, push me back
Push me back so I can slack.

Anger, slack me short, slack me short . . .
slack me short (I don't need to snort.)

Anger, I don't need to snort, I don't need
to snort . . . . .

Anger, I'm in court, I'm in court,
(But I snorted it with a fork).

Anger, the cell is cold . . . .
the cell is cold . . .

Anger, please send me home
send me home . . . .

Anger, I can't go home I'm six
feet under all alone.
I'm mad.

Anger's the expression
at my soul's
spit—
splattered shifting—
Drifting shit
Directed at me
Visible for all to see
used to stifle spirit's creativity

Group Poem
Mission/Opportunity H.S., S.F.

Sirens screeching down streets
people peering outside
standing by doorsteps
More sirens racing down streets
bringing police paddy wagons
arriving as in a parade

People scrambling
running, fearing
Police clubs beating
on beautiful God-given
human parts

I heard crying and shouting
hate and anger
Next day headlines say
"Riots Cause Fire"

Didn't they know
the sirens disturbed
peace
clubs burned
the body
Their society
planted the
frustration . . . Why?

Lydia Rivers
Santa Ana H.S.
Santa Ana

ABRAHAM LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL
Mrs. Jacqueline Anderson's Creative Writing Class

Stephanie Mines
Poet/Teacher

I encouraged the students to trust themselves; to speak honestly and directly--using language that was natural to them--and to tap their inner sources for symbolism and imagery. To do this I read them poetry by people their age and younger (including poems that had been compiled by Mrs. Anderson from previous classes she'd taught), my own poetry, and poetry by my friends, as well as poetry by writers like Nikki Giovanni, Sylvia Plath, Garcia Lorca, Diane Wakowski, Indian poetry (from *Technicians of the Sacred* and *Shaking the Pumpkin)*, folk songs from Africa *(Poems from Black Africa*, edited by Langston Hughes), and W. B. Yeats.

I made assignments every day, often in-class as well as take-home assignments. Over the Thanksgiving break I asked them to keep a dream-journal (since at that time they weren't on a fixed schedule and forced to wake up abruptly to go to school). I talked a lot about dreams as a source of imagery and introduced them to Anais Nin's work and theories regarding dreams. Sample assignments were: to write about a person they felt strongly about, using color and sound to symbolize them--going beyond superficial description of appearance; to make poems from their dreams; to write about an environment that influenced them; to write about something natural in their environment; to sit quietly by themselves and do free association with words they picked at random; and to write about anything they liked. My feeling was that the more they wrote the easier it would be, and I think this was proven true as the work got "better" (i.e., looser and freer), and people started handing in poems that were not assigned, and often two or three a day.

I talked about schizophrenia (how you develop a secret world that you are afraid to share with those that "judge" you) and how writing could be a way of working out that duality. This produced many nods of agreement and understanding, and a lot of talk about how they were responding to the workshop. They reass red me that their lack of direct response to my

presentations was not a lack of interest, but that they were "taking it all in"--absorbing my message, my style, my being. Finally, I came to feel that this was one of the most important things I could communicate--not so much specific information on what poetry was, but about what I was and how I had become a poet. They needed proof that one could live the life they wanted and not be a total outcast from society--that it was indeed possible to be honest.

Exercises in class included: staring into each other's eyes for five minutes and then writing; picking out natural objects from a grab bag I had collected (leaves and flowers and rocks and fruit and shells) and then writing about the object they had selected; talking about how a poem made them feel after I'd read it--what colors they saw, what sounds they experienced. Every day I read poems that they had handed in to me and we talked about them. By the end of the two-week period we were functioning as a workshop, that is, I would read a poem by someone and we would talk directly with the writer about what he was trying to say and other students would explain the messages they received. At the beginning, I read poems without naming the poet and then, after doing this for about a week, I asked them if they would object to me saying who had written the poem, and they didn't--were, in fact, beginning to be proud of what they had written. Only two or three students remained insecure to the end--feeling they *couldn't* write, that everyone wrote better than they. Everyone joined in to encourage them that they could write and that it wasn't so hard, tho there was also a lot of sympathy for those who felt inhibited.

DAUGHTER/FATHER

Loathing the loud boom of his voice
in the dark morning,
Forcing "good-morning" instead
of "go to hell",
Stay in bed! Get out of the house!
Don't come back! Please!

Asking as sweet as an angel,
for a favor,
Accusing as dirty as a devil
to bathe in my tears.

Like a hawk he spies,
Like a hunted animal he listens.
Stretching the pains & agonies
of my world into an ocean
of sorrow, hate, despair.

Why can't he understand?
The sky will fall if he does
not have his way.
Heaven forbid!
He is always right!

He is of no value to me.
is like water to fire
or like a devil to a Christian.
What is he good for?
Somebody explain it to me,
Please.

Gloria Jarquín
Abraham Lincoln H.S., S.F.

MY MOM

As she awakens, does the sun also.
Softly creeping to bring her
family to life.
Praying to God to help her
through the day as
The youngest calls to her sleepily.

Mom! Mom!
Can you do this?
Can you do that?

Waving good-bye from the window
She sighs.

Her pure skin clashes with
the dark house as she
combs her mane of chocolate silk.

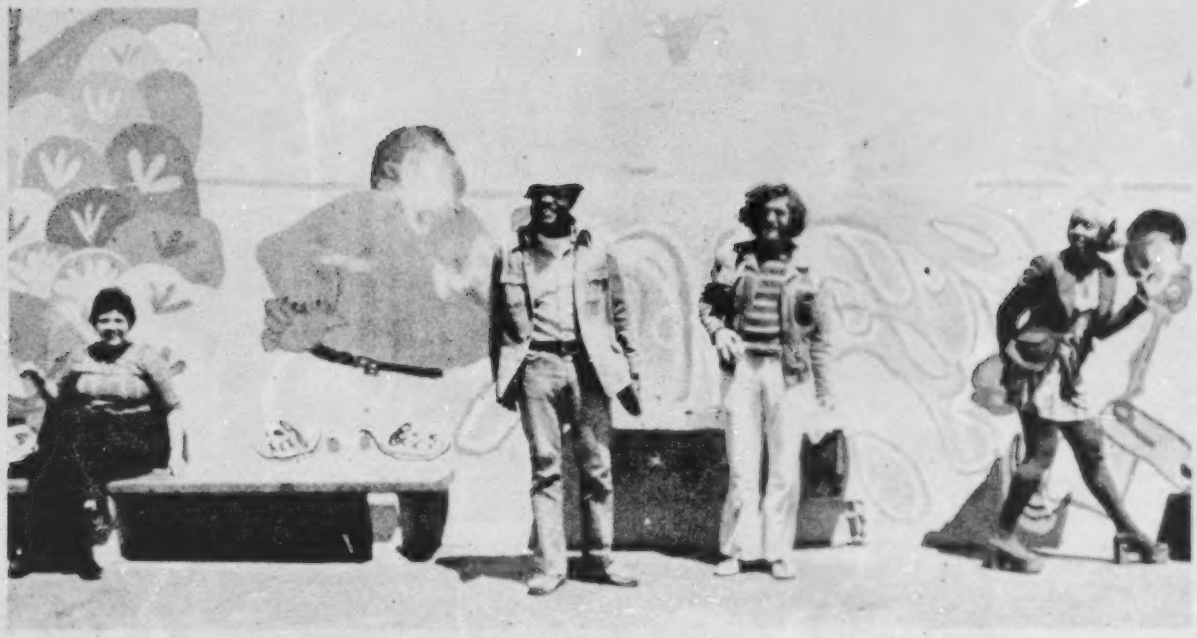
She lingers in her sun as
she hangs the laundry,
Feeling her spirit lift
like that of a bird's.
Wishing she could fly as
free as a dove she
Enters the house,
returning to her cooking,
ironing, sewing and family.

Her day will come.

Gloria Jarquín
Abraham Lincoln H.S., S.F.

POET TEAMS IN THE INNER CITY SCHOOLS
John Muir Elementary, San Francisco

Nina Serrano
San Francisco Coordinator



The classroom is almost a dance as the four poet teachers walk into the room and introduce themselves. The children are in a semi-circle, introduce themselves, then Buriel lies down in the center of them and announces "I am an oak tree and I am six thousand years old."

The children begin to add the details of his life while Buriel adds new facts: "A tree who has his glasses off and can't see too well." In the meantime, Natalia and Joe write down what they say on the blackboard. When the story ends Pamela reads back their narrative poem. The class is surprised to realize they have written a poem.

Natalia says her version is a little different from Pamela's because everyone has been talking at once. Natalia reads her poem. It is the same narrative but is a different style using different rhythms and line repetitions. The children applaud and so does Buriel. Joe reads his version and the excitement grows higher.

Buriel is on his feet now asking "What languages do you speak"? There is English, Spanish, French (represented by "OO la la Madame"), Vietnamese and the "K" which turns out to be like pig latin. Pamela says they can make a poem again using all the language and sounds they know. They can even make up their own words to create a super ice cream sundae using all the ingredients they like.

Words and languages fly. Joe, Buriel and Natalia are writing fast. Pamela acts out their group Multilingual poem while reading it from the blackboard. The poets are surrounded by children and the excitement is so high there is a hint of pushing and shoving.

Natalia claps her hands, then snaps her fingers, three/four and the class follows clapping and snapping in unison. She snaps and claps softer and softer crouching lower and lower and the children follow until everyone is very quiet.

Natalia opens her fingers on either side of her face. "I'M a butterfly and I've landed on a flower." "I'M a bee," a boy said. Two girls whisper "WE are sitting on bluebells." Buriel is writing as fast as he can on the blackboard. Natalia stretches her arms up as her body rises and the whole class reaches for the sky and when they are ready to land on the classroom floor to rest, Natalia and Pamela each read a poem, Natalia in Spanish and Pamela in English.

The children take turns reading poems into the tape recorder. We play it back for them and they are an appreciative audience for own voices.

The photographer steps forward asking the class to stand in front of the blackboard for a group photo. No one says smile, but everyone is smiling. The poets wave *"Adios Nos Vemos/* goodbye."

"how to build a treehouse without interfering with the trees"--something poet Curtis Lyle said about writing poetry.

Holly Prado
Master Poet/Teacher
Southern California

This year in Southern California, there have been nineteen Poetry in the Schools workshops, in Los Angeles, Orange, and San Diego counties. I work with poets, teachers and school administrators, students, and Poetry in the Schools personnel. I do a lot of organizing, driving, telephoning, letter writing, xeroxing. I think about it all and try to plan training sessions in schools for poets and students that will be full of what poetry is about: energy, real experience, sharing ideas and feelings in language that can move both the reader and the writer.

I work with the poet, trying to help him get comfortable and to share his work with students so that they can begin to understand the process of writing their own poetry. I tell teachers about the program and get them to take part, if they can. Three times this year I've met with groups of teachers after school to explore their own writing. They have much to say--about themselves as people and about teaching--and they say it well when they begin to write.

At Mira Costa High in Manhattan Beach, I did three three-hour training sessions with Bill Mohr. We'd agreed before the first session that each of us would make copies of one of our own poems so that the students could have the poems in front of them for discussion. I used my poem, "country banjo," which is about a sort of mythic journey. Bill used a poem of his about his motorcycle, which talks about "moving" psychologically, and which has a lot to do with his relationship with his father. Bill and I read our poems, talked about them, and planned to get the kids to write "journey" poems of their own: "Where would you have gone this morning if you hadn't come to school?" We wanted to get into fantasy, imagination, secret desires--the material of poetry. Instead, the kids wanted to talk about Bill's father and their mothers and fathers.

All of us ended up writing: "How would you feel if you were yourself now, going into your old elementary school--and you were also yourself at eight or nine years old, watching this 'big person' come into the room?" One of the boys in the group felt afraid of his imaginary small size--he said that when he was little the older boys in the neighborhood would pick on the younger kids and it was a real disadvantage to be small. Some students wrote about their outer appearances--how they might look to their younger selves; others concentrated on inner feelings of being young or old. Most of them argued that what they wrote wasn't poetry. Bill and I disagreed, although the writing wasn't finished or really unified. A couple of students felt that poetry should be philosophical, about the "true meaning of life," but I argued that they *had* been writing about life in a way that was more important than those vague poems that use phrases like, "beautiful glory of my soul" or "come to me and we will share our love forever."

As the workshop sessions went on, students began to write interesting, original poetry. The following poem is an example--and I think the lines, "the words are finally coming/ without pride or guilt," sum up what's been happening in the workshops I've participated in this year.

I AM STILL ALIVE

I was born in the hollow month
of weaning cats
I was born again in the second
new moon seventeen years after
conceived by a ladychild
We are each our own
in the time of a fishing heart
finally reaching the balance
of an ago time

I will see you when I see you
I would be seen
without mirrored shadows

The words are finally coming
without pride or guilt
They are arriving on the
plain of whiteness
for the first time
unrehearsed.

Julie Patterson
Costa Mesa High School
Manhattan Beach, California

For me, one of the great strengths of Poetry in the Schools workshop is the emphasis on writing as a changing, immediate thing, rather than on a pre-determined curriculum in which there is little room for insights or tangents.

GETTOE

in San Francisco on fillmore street in the alley old drink men come in the alley and they sleep in the alley because they have know houses to live in they make nose they be droping bottles and be hiting against the wall and sometimes we can not go to sleep they make rats and rochs because the old drink men be weting on ther self in the morning when I go to school thos men be laying ther at night time my brother be scared to take out the garbage because thos men be down ther
if he do not be scared if I was him I know I well be scared are you scared of old drink men?
are you scared of rats and rochs?
if you are scared of all of this you know what a gettoe is
The End

Yvonne Maria Thomas
Edison Elementary School
San Francisco, California

THE BAT

Wendy Huber
Encina High School, Sacramento

Perhaps it had been the summer breeze that had beckoned her out of bed and into the night, but in retrospect she could not really be sure. The grass had been damp and she had lounged on the porch stoop drifting in and out of sleep, watching the twinkling lights of the distant village. A bird's cry had aroused her a few hours later--towards dawn, she thought--and she had realized that she was damp and chilly and could not stay out any longer. It had been then, as she had risen from the stoop still in the warm aura of sleep, that her fright had begun. She had heard a rushing sound like the wings of a struggling insect beating the air, and as she had turned away from the house to investigate, she had thought she could make out the barest suggestion of a blurry shape coming directly at her. Could remember ducking and, at the time, she had thought it had brushed her arm. Except, actually, she hadn't been sure.

Perhaps she hadn't really seen anything: Maybe the rushing noise had been the innocent rustling of the wind in the trees. For several minutes she had remained on the cement stoop trying to conjure up the events once more, but inevitably finding herself defeated by a mind heavy with sleep and intoxicated with recent dreams. By the time she had returned to her bed, the episode had seemed only like a remnant of those dreams and she had gratefully dismissed it as such.

But now in the full brilliance and oppressive heat of ripening day an odd reddish streak on her arm made her wonder. Was the explanation really so simple?

She was sitting in front of her desk, a small pedestal mirror before her. Dressed in neatly pressed cotton shorts and shirt, her honey hair half brushed, she would have resembled a young lady in the midst of her morning primping, except that the brush lay forgotten in her lap, where it had been dropped when her attention had turned to her injury. There were, she noticed, other scratches on her hands and lower arms, but she dismissed

them without concern--they had been inflicted early yesterday during her gardening. But this one--this red welt--had not been there before--she knew it hadn't. It must have been caused by the creature she had seen last night, no, had *thought* she had seen, because hadn't all that been a dream?

Then I must have gotten hurt when I climbed back into bed, she thought, or maybe when I got up this morning. But she couldn't believe that, either; one didn't acquire a scratch like that without knowing exactly when it happened. She would just have to face it--the *creature* had been to blame, and it had not been created by her sleepy mind or the illusions of darkness and dreams. It had been as real as the sunlight streaming through her window and the growing heat that was beginning to make her feel rather tense and feverish.

Having accepted the decidedly unpleasant explanation, she began to wonder at the possibility of infection. Even now the welt appeared to be swelling and she thought she could detect traces of dry blood on the skin. She hurried to the bathroom sink, where she carefully washed the area and applied alcohol. Patting her arm dry, she scrutinized her handiwork and realized, to her amazement, that the sore was not of the same size and configuration that she had originally thought. It was much smaller and consisted of two shallow punctures that were somewhat run together. With a hard swallow and a queasy feeling in her stomach, she backed out of the bathroom. There was only one thing she knew of that could have caused those marks. A *bat!* A grotesque, horrid creature that smelled of dung and fluttered about on blood sucking orgies in the dark of night! She shivered visibly and broke into a cold sweat--BATS CARRIED RABIES! At once all of the accounts she had ever read of victims of this dread malady flooded her thoughts. She remembered that if one did not receive prompt treatment he would surely die in an agonizing way, foam streaming from his jaws, his teeth bared like those of a ferocious animal. Even with treatment survival was not always assured. Some people sickened and died from the agonizing injections that went on for endless weeks. Poor souls, she thought--poor wretched souls! Her eyes grew large with fearful recognition. She was ONE OF THEM; she would share their agonies. Her head was spinning and she felt nauseous. She staggered to the bathroom, thinking she was going to be quite sick. But instead her legs turned rubbery and she sank to the tile floor, where she sat motionless, listening to the periodic dripping of the tap. She began counting the drops until they seemed interminable--52, 53, 54, 55. . . .

"Carol, it's time for breakfast." Her mother's voice penetrated her shell of thought jarringly, its cheerfulness out of place in her world of despair.

"Coming, mother," she called weakly, getting up from the floor. She leaned against the sink until she felt better, not so nauseous. I guess I'm going to *have* to tell them, she thought. But what do you say? You can't just come right out with it, like, "Father, mother, your daughter has been bitten by a rabid bat and is going to die!" She shook her head miserably. It's going to be so hard, she thought.

"Carol, breakfast! Now!" Her father's voice rang through the house in round, angry tones.

"I'm *coming*," she answered, hurrying as fast as she could. "I'm here now."

The kitchen was bright and cheery, filled with the streaming warmth of the summer day. Her parents were sitting at the table, her father's head already buried in his newspaper. Her mother smiled brightly as she entered. "Good morning, Carol. You look nice today, dear!" The overly bright kitchen and beam of her mother's smile soured in Carol's stomach as she sat down at the table. *Nice*, she thought. How can she say that? Can't she tell how pale I am? Can't she see I'm upset? Her father put down his paper, gazed at her pleasantly, then began to discuss with her mother an item he had just read.

Her mother responded, and the cheerful conversation engulfed Carol like a stifling cloud. This is farsical, she thought. My parents are discussing a new comedy show and enjoying themselves while their daughter is at death's door. She took a few bites of her omelet, but it tasted like chalk and she barely got it down. Her parents were oblivious to her lack of appetite and continued their happy chatter. Carol looked at them desperately, thinking, I've got to tell them, but I don't know if they'll take me seriously. She thought of several ways to broach the subject, but none of them seemed appropriate. Finally she decided a gradual approach would be wisest. With this in mind, she waited for a lull in her parents' lighthearted conversation, then said casually, "Dad, are there any bats around here?"

"I suppose so, Carol."

"Do they ever come around houses?"

"Sure. Haven't you ever read stories of bats in attics?"

Carol winced, then forced an awkward smile. "Are they timid? Do they. . .do they *chase* people?"

"No, they don't chase people--not that I've ever heard of."

"If they have rabies do they chase people?"

"Creatures that *have* rabies chase people, but bats *carry* rabies. There's a difference."

"Do. . . do *all* bats carry rabies?"

"A substantial number, probably. At least in certain areas."

"Do we live in one of those areas?"

Her mother looked at them sharply. "This is a strange conversation for breakfast. Now eat, both of you." Carol lowered her head and resumed eating, although the omelet tasted bad as ever. She now realized that to get the results she wanted she must come right out with it. She raised her head and spoke in level tones.

"Last night I went outside in the dark and a bat flew down and bit me."

Her father looked up in amazement. "It what?"

Carol's voice seemed to be getting away from her. It was suddenly loud and fast. "It flew down and bit me! See! Look! Look!" She tried to show her father the wound, but he kept staring into her eyes.

"Wait a minute. . .let's get this straight. You actually saw a bat dive-bombing you."

"Well, no, I heard its wings and felt it brush against me, and I could tell it was a bat."

Carol's mother spoke up. "Honey, answer your father. Did you actually *see* it?"

"Not exactly. But I had the feeling of something dark that was moving. For a while I thought it might have been a dream, then I knew it wasn't. Besides, look at the marks. It *had* to be a bat to make the marks!" Carol held out her arm, and her father bent over it curiously, then laughed.

"Oh, Carol, those are just mosquito bites. Look, Martha."

"Your father's right, dear. Besides, from what you've said, you just thought *maybe* you saw a bat. Things tend to look mysterious and unfriendly

at night, especially when you wake up suddenly. Maybe the whole thing was a nightmare. It must have been. . .and you *imagined* you were outside when you were really snuggled safely in bed the whole time."

"I *was* outside!" Carol insisted frantically. "I woke up and it was hot and I wanted to be out there, so I got up and went out and sat on the porch stoop, and then something--the bat--brushed against me. You *did* say there are bats around here. . .rabid ones, maybe!"

Her father looked at her in growing disbelief and impatience. "You kids are really something these days, making mountains out of molehills." He grabbed Carol's arm roughly. "Look here, Martha, you can see as well as I can that these spots on your daughter's arm are plain ordinary mosquito bites, nothing more. In a few days they'll be gone and we'll have fogotten all about it. Take my word for it--there wasn't any bat!"

Carol swallowed hard, avoiding her parents' gaze. "Can I see a doctor," she asked timorously, desperately.

"Why *Carol*, the *very idea!* Troubling such a busy man with your overactive imagination!"

Carol blinked hard to contain the tears she could feel welling in her eyes. What her father said made sense to her, but he hadn't shared her terrible experience and so she refused to believe him. Looking again at her wound she wanted to scream in protest, but her father had spoken with the bite of authority and she dared not refute his statements. She squirmed in her chair uneasily, feeling her parents' eyes upon her and realizing how futile it had been to voice her fears. They would never believe her until she had actually fallen ill and died.

"Mom, I can't eat any more. Can I go outside now?"

Her mother looked sadly at her practically untouched plate and nodded. "Of course, dear, if that's all you can eat. And don't worry. . .your father's right."

Carol rinsed her plate and lay it in the sink. As she left the house, she could hear her parents resuming their light-hearted conversation. She set her jaw in determination, got on her bike, and rode off down the lane. Since her parents would not take her seriously, she had just herself to rely on. Her first stop would be the public library and, from there, the doctor's office. She pedaled furiously, beads of perspiration running down her back and face. Although the lane was heavily shaded by trees and shrubs, the heat was oppressive. A tight knot of fear had stretched her nerves taut, and

at each revolution of the wheels it grew tighter. This was the first time she had been utterly abandoned by her parents. Was the fact that she had been bitten by a bat so silly and childish? Were those marks really mosquito bites? Was she really just a juvenile kid, as her parents thought? Waves of shimmering heat enveloped her, and her mind whirled with sickening uncertainty. She was convinced that a bat had bitten her, so in her mind the only correct course of action was to study the facts and seek treatment. It was up to her to save herself!

The trees were gradually thinning along the lane and suddenly the outskirts of town loomed ahead. It was a pastoral, white-washed village set upon the slope of a hill. Most of its public buildings were quite old and located in the center of town, but the library had been constructed recently and had been situated near the edge of town so its modern architecture would not make the official buildings look out of place and behind the times. This meant a shorter ride for Carol. In no time at all she reached her destination and jumped off her bicycle, hurriedly parking it in an appropriate place.

Inside, the library was cool and calm, causing Carol's tension to wind down a bit. Few people were there that early in the day, and even the librarians were out of sight. After fifteen minutes she had located all available material on the subject of rabies--select portions of six books. She set aside two that seemed to be the most complete; she would take them home for further study. In the remaining volumes she carefully read the portions that interested her most, those dealing with symptoms and treatment. Her facial muscles tightened visibly with every sentence until she could scarcely breathe. When she finished, she picked up the two volumes she wanted to take home and walked hurriedly to the check-out desk. The head librarian appeared from an inner office and helped her with the books, adding pleasantries about what a nice day it was and how was Carol enjoying the summer? Carol could barely pay attention, muttering senselessly in return. Suddenly the walls seemed to be shrinking and she could feel the blood surging uncontrollably through her veins. She grabbed her books and ran.

"Wait, wait! Carol! You left your library card!" The librarian's voice trailed after her, but Carol was already out the door, her feet flying down the steps. She put the books in the basket of the bicycle and turned in the direction of the doctor's office. I've got to see him *immediately*, she thought. *He'll* believe me when I explain it all. Suddenly she stopped, her knee hooked over the bike seat, and stood in complete rigidity for a long, thoughtful moment. Then she finished mounting the bicycle and dejectedly rode away from town toward home. "The doctor wouldn't believe me either," she whispered. "If my own parents don't why should he? He'd

only call them on the phone, and. . .and they'd convince him I'm just a crazy kid."

She was so lost in her thoughts that she hardly felt the heat during the ride home and was surprised to find herself at her own front porch in an amazingly short time. She leaned her bike against the porch, and, clutching the books to her chest furtively, hurried into the house. Determined to avoid her parents, she listened for their voices, then tiptoed to her room by the least conspicuous route. With a deep sigh she closed the door tightly behind her and she rushed to her desk, where she immediately assembled pencils, paper, and her engagement calendar. She first marked a large scarlet "X" on last night's date, then began taking methodical notes from the library books. She made lengthy lists of the symptoms to expect and their usual order of occurrence. Apprehension. . .restlessness. . .difficulty in swallowing. . .rise in temperature. . .spasms of the mouth and larynx. . .difficulty in breathing. . .terror of water. . . manical seizures. . . . Her head pounded and her heart throbbed as she envisioned the increasingly dreadful symptoms racking her own small body. Then finally it was over and she stacked her papers neatly and closed the books. A sense of finality enveloped her as she stored away the marked calendar. She knew she had done all that she possibly could and now the long, lonely days of waiting stretched ahead.

Suddenly her own room seemed too confining to be endured. She ran through the house and out into the yard. The garden looked beautiful in the afternoon light and filled her with a strange sense of calm. Yes, all that could be done *had been done*, she mused as she wandered among the fragrant blossoms. A poorly trimmed rosebush caught her eye, its scraggly branches offending the perfection about her. Angrily she bent to snap off an offending branch, only to feel a sharp stab of pain on her arm. Startled, she looked down, noting that a fresh wound had been inflicted just above the earlier bite--this time a single jagged puncture. It must have been a thorn, she thought, and she moved to go. But wait! There to the right in just the area where she had been reaching was a web--a spider web! And there in the center was a large spider! Oh, no, she thought, a damp sweat of fear upon her. What *kind* is it? She bent to look, but as she did so, she jarred the bush and in an instant the spider vanished. Frantically she dropped to her knees and peered through the bush at ground level. Where did it go? Where was it? She pawed awkwardly at the thorny branches, trying to part them in such a way that she could see, but unfortunately the spider was gone. She sat back on her haunches in horror and studied the sore again. Her brow was knit and her lips were pursed tensely as she accepted the realization that it was, indeed, a spider's bite. Then she buried her face in her hands. What color was it, she wondered. Black? Oh yes--black! Did it have a red hour glass on its belly? Think!

Think hard! Well, yes--it probably did, no, it absolutely did! "It was a black widow spider!" she said aloud, her voice shrill with terror as she envisioned the bloated creeper lurking just out of sight, ready to pounce on its next unwary victim. *"How poisonous are they. . .AM I GOING TO DIE?"*

STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

Rein Stoal, D. U.
Doctor of Unconsciousness

This is a lot of meatball garbage, because an unconscious is by definition unconscious, which is not conscious who gives a hoot when the day meets dawn, and what does that have to do with bitterness of bloody fish & whales searching for emeralds. "Consciousness" poetry is just organized mayhem, and has no value whatsoever. Rarely have I been subjected to such stupid activities. I could do as much sleeping, more as a matter of fact. A stream of consciousness is a babbling brook of nonsense, and I don't see what this has to do with poetry. If you are intent on living in filthy rags, being called grasshopper, and subsisting on bean sprouts, go ahead. But don't involve me.

Dwelling on ugly thoughts is depressing. Dwelling on beautiful thoughts is by far not as nice as dwelling on beautiful things. Thoughts are reflected in our actions, and that's about all we need. If you think in nonsensical chaos, this will be reflected in your behavior, which accounts for the behavior of many of us. Idiocy reaches its zenith when all we do is think about. "Stream of consciousness" is but a branch of the sea of moronism.

POEMS

GROWING UP: RUTHIE, CHUCKIE, CHERRY AND DEBBIE

I remember we used to
sit in a circle

hug, kiss, touch, love
we four were one.

They're whities; I'm a darkie
I guess when I grow up I'll turn white.

I am the littlest with the
funny eyes.

Ruthies hates boys so she'll marry Chuckies;
I hate Debbie so I punch her.

I have funny teeth so I don't smile;
Daddy hits me a lot.

They say when you grow up you can't be kids
so now we aren't one anymore:

No more playing or loving to touch
we were very much brother and sisters.

Is this what we give up?
Adults must be very lonely things.

I love Ruthie, Chuckie, and Debbie.
I would like to go back

But we are strangers who look not like before,
we do not see; we'll never feel as one.

My parents hate each other.
This is what they gave to us.

Charyle Sprague
Costa Mesa H.S.
Costa Mesa

She walks to the glass door,
The plants out there could use watering,
Nevertheless they are not ours,
How she longs for a house of our own.
She walks back to the livingroom,
The book about Transcendental Meditation
She wants to go there,
but not alone,
She wants to take me with her,
To that class
Closed the book,
The child won't read it anyhow,
She's too involved witl_nimals, music, friends.
Anger.
She goes to my room.
Sorrow fills her
She walks through the house,
And leaves through the front door
To go wait on the brother,
Slavery,
Captive,
Wife,
My mother,
Jailed into our world.

Elizabeth Abrahams
8th Grade
Martin Luther King Jr. H.S.
Berkeley

my mom goes on
living
declaring
her superiority
but i have
done something she hasn't
done
i have slept
on the sides
of her womb

Leesa Felix
Berkeley H.S.
Berkeley

It's so easy to hate one's mother.
She probably hated her mother
who hated her mother—who . . .
Then one begins to see the truth
My mother's disappointments

She was born in Poland—
She fled persecution
She worked at 14 to live
She lived despised where
the streets were paved with
gold.
She had three children
she probably never wanted
She had a husband
who made her feel
less able & intelligent than
she was
She wished away her life—
She was unable to love
her children.

Now she is a rich, fashionable,
somewhat silly American
woman—

It's so easy to feel superior.

Susan Grossman, Teacher
Martin Luther King Jr. H.S.
Berkeley

TALK ABOUT A GIRL

Talk about a girl
She's called Fat Mama.
She eats doughnuts
and ice cream and cake.

She's over fatted.
Comes to school with
An egg sandwich, bacon,
milk, and loads of candy.

She be so fat
She can't run and jump
With her friends
That's Fat Mama.

Donald
Corbett Elementary, S.F.

THE ANGEL DOG*
(written after his dog Griffen was shot)

Once upon a time there was a
good Dog, Griffen.

He would bark at you when you
said "Come on GRIFF, let's go
play in the pond."

Griffen has a good friend
Peggy.

He would fetch a stick, then
run the other way.

Griff and Elsa were good
friends.

When he died, even the angels
wanted to play with him.

Griffen is the only Angel dog
I know

Scott Evans
Comptche Elementary
Mendocino

*Scott has made *The Angel Dog* into a book, most beautifully illustrated, and definitely worth seeing. —*Peter Veblen*

MY PANTS THE HORSE

My pants are a horse— But
it didn't have nay teeth, no hair
no face—so I took him to
the horse shop and got some glue
I paste on the face and glued
on some hair and some teeth. The
horse had big teeth and the
patches on my pants are where
the face was glued on. It's his
eyes.

Donald Dominicus
Hillcrest Elementary, S.F.

A CLOUD

is a ghost
is a thing of its all water
turns into sugar afar
it bends into sky at night
is a big ball that waters the
earth
is an angel floating through
the sky
Its a little house upside
down
Its a big ball of stuff
that goes cshshhhhh.

Group Poem
Kindergarten
Mendocino Elementary
Mendocino

George Is My Turtle. She's A Female.
Cancer

Crabby
little
Cancer—clambering warily
onshore.
Observing; living
cautiously. So-as-not-to-be
subjected to
pain . . . or even
terror. thriving on
joy, grooving on
love, and
life . . . . . (except when
those of water/earth
weigh him down with all the
unnecessary
bul-shlock of the
world, and it gets
too-too heavy for
him). then
he climbs
back
into his not-so-tiny shell,
and backs
off. the scene . . . backs
off. the
shore.

Dorian Holley
Washington H.S., L.A.

you chew gum
as if it was your last piece
and if your nylons weren't
already stuck together
i'd take the gum
and smear it over them
to stop those teeth from smiling
Jucy Fruit

Jain Lemos
Mendocino H.S.
Mendocino

Life, In General

I
Did not plant you,
True.
But when
The season is done—
When the alternate
Prayers for sun
And for rain
Are counted—
When the pain
Of weeding
And the pride
Of watching
Are through—
Then
I will hold you
High,
A shining wheat
Above the thousand
Seeds grown wild.
Not by my planting,
But by heaven
My harvest—
My own child.

Janet Brewer
Abraham Lincoln H.S., S.F.

Van Gogh's Cypress Painting

There's a field of Van Gogh's blood
yellow blood, cause he cut off
his ear when there
were two yellow moons outside.
People,
innocent, may be eating yellow blood
for breakfast.
Just wait till there are
two green moons
Maybe your blood will field
the land.

Julie Wilson
College Park H.S.
Pleasant Hill

AN AFRICAN PLAY

Afirca

Rwa-biri *udugu-wuzuki*

Good-By Good Brother

Your going to school. have a nice day
don't get in Trouble.

Good-By Good Brother have a nice fishing time catch a big fish.

Good-By Good Brother have a nice sleep good night good Brother

Good-By Good Brother your on your way to afirca have a nice time

Good-By Good Brother write me letters good Brother

hi Good Brother I'm glad to see you agin I read your
Letters.

The End

Group Play
Edison Elementary, S.F.

Homework is such a fuss,
But not so bad as a lazy puss.
It has a rocky path,
To hard, hard, hard, Math.
Also there is a great defiance
For boring old Science.
You have to make a powerful wish
To swish through the tests of English.
From the school you'll want to be set free
After looking at the problems of Geometry.
The teacher has to be the King,
Of old intolerant Spelling.
We learn some events and liberty,
In that dusty ancient History.
Around and around the playground lurk
But we still have to do that Homework.

Wing Hung Liu
Edison Elementary, S.F.

Monday

I'm always tired,
because I have to walk
down 14th and mission st.
and then catch the trolley.
Sometimes they'll be these
drunk men on the corner,
they be falling all over the st
and vomiting up/
And then I be going thru
Dolores Park I see the dogs,
the doberman pincher then
i got two more stops to get
off. And then the trolley
car man tells us when
our stop is then when i
get off i have to wait till the
trolley goes off 1st,
I'm feeling o.k. and then
i run down the hill with
my friend named Ivan.

John
Edison Elementary, S.F.

I'LL SAY

Stan Rice
Poet/Professor
San Francisco State University

First to the poets. It is not enough to be a dynamite poet to succeed in the classroom. For too many sessions I left the class feeling a sense of general exhilaration just because so much had happened. It was exciting. I felt the students had been excited. But what nagged me was the feeling that I had left them with only a dazzling & remote experience which they couldn't use. Naturally, in every class, there are those who just leap into poems. It isn't hard for them. But for most, even in the most poetry-oriented classes, there is a gulf between their feelings and getting those feelings on paper. The more I taught the more I was plagued by the sense that I was really failing. Yes, a live poet had gotten them to write a poem . . . and there is no shortchanging that experience. But when I left, where did that experience go? Was it plowed back into their emotional life? Could the teacher have possibly absorbed in such a brief interlude methods & perspectives which would keep poetry a vital part of the students' education?

To combat these fears, I had to determine what it really was that I wanted to accomplish. I decided that my goal was not to make poets out of the students. I don't say this cynically or pessimistically, and when I witnessed a student actually cross the threshold into an enthusiasm for writing poems which might last his/her life, that was fantastic. I decided that my objective was to get the students to look at words as *expressive material.* Material capable of absorbing & delivering back emotional charge. Material as pliable & alive as clay or paint or any other art medium. What I found over and over again was that the students were intimidated by words. This was especially true in less academically advanced schools. The halls would ring with the most fiercely alive jivetalk but when the student sat down in his desk: muteness. Not because he was dumb, but because the *way* he thought he has to use words in the classroom differed from the *way* he felt he was free to use them in the hall. This brought me to a distinction, which is no revelation to most people, but which I found can be liberating

to many highschool students. It is the distinction between Discursive and Expressive ways-of-using-words.

II. The Expressive Vs The Discursive

If the terms "discursive" and "expressive" are too heavy, then substitute whatever terms work best. The distinction hinges on the difference between telling & showing, essays & poetry, logical transitions of ideas & emotional-intuitive transitions of ideas. . . it touches on the crucial difference between the expressive language of the hallway and the discursive language of the class essay. One simple example I use is to make the statement "Shh, somebody might be listening" and then compare it to the statement "The walls have ears." I explain that the literal meaning of both statements is identical, but that the first is discursive. . . it *announces* and tells. . . and that the second is expressive: it *creates* the experience of having the idea that somebody might be listening, it is a drama, it even causes the surreal flicker of a mind-painting of a wall having ears, and it does it *every time* because the language is being used to make the reader go through the process of Imagination. The simplicity of this example I have seen make faces shine, as though for the first time the students were seeing an authority figure (me) lend credence to a way of using words which they thought was not a valid way to communicate. . . a way which they thought education was deliberately invented to suppress because it's too irresponsible & inexact. The fact is that the statement "The walls have ears" is not only exact, it is lucid and it is memorable and it is powerful. It is poetry.

I make certain this distinction is understood before I proceed. It is the first venture into the creation of imaginative forms to express feelings. But, no sooner is it understood by the class, then a secondary problem arises. Shallow fantasy. I call it the Purple Elephant Syndrome. The first poems the students write are frequently collages of surface, silly, emotionally uncommitted images. That's ok at first because the imaginations get oiled & the students start to trust that sensation of accepting one's associative mindjumps. But my objective is to get the students finally to turn this expressive-use-of-words on their emotional life. To get them to feel how it feels to get beyond sight to insight. For this I use a series of exercises which I'd like to pass on. . . not because this is the only way, but because it may indicate a pattern that has heart to it.

III. The Purple Elephant Syndrome

Once the wild imagery has peaked I turn to the question of accuracy. I point out that the great thing about "The walls have ears" is that while being visually farout, it is also wonderfully precise. It doesn't bullshit

about the walls. It gives them ears because it is talking about how easy it is for a secret to be overheard. So a poem isn't just "anything you want to say," it is a discovery that brings to life something true that was previously hidden or obscured or forgotten. When a very young child says "When the sun goes to sleep it makes a hole in its bed," the child is not "making things up," she is describing expressively what she sees with her senses. One way to check random fantasy images is to have the students next write poems about paintings you bring into class. The rule is to include nothing in the poem that you do not see in the painting. Don't write "the bluebird is on the grass" if there is no bluebird on grass. This is dangerous stuff, because it tempts the students to lapse back into de-emotionalized reporting. Usually you get another batch of essays & stories using boringly flat whole sentences etc. But gradually these can be discouraged by pointing out poems in which the luminous details are put down on the page, so that they are as economical and shimmering with significant data as the painting (or photo) is.

IV. Bringing The Skills Back To The Personal

When it all works out right (and I'm talking about a ten session workshop to get these methods across) a union occurs between Imagination & Fidelity to Details. The ogre of all poetry workshops, Abstractions, can be beaten back. It's no good to write "I saw my grandfather at his funeral" when you could write "When I kissed him he smelled like a candle." If you have made it clear that a poem creates the experience rather than reporting the experience the student will gradually fall into the habit of actually *thinking expressively*. But merely to get a person to write vivid image portraits about paintings isn't enough either. . .and here comes what for me is the true goal of the PITS program. The student is then asked to turn this imaginative accuracy on his own life. It can, again, be very discouraging. Students who were turning out great poems about things outside them suddenly go mute again. And when asked to write about their own feelings they will frequently slip back into discursive writing. All I can say at this point is to go for broke. They can be encouraged to develop that weird double-think all writers use: the ability to write about yourself as though you are for an instant risen out of yourself and watching yourself have your own feelings. They can be shown the difference between mere confession and words which make something *be* for the reader.

V. You Gotta Know The Territory

I hope I have not crystalized this process too much. It would be insane to expect this to happen quickly, or even necessarily happen in this order every time. As I said above, I do not strive to make poets of the students *per se*. But I do believe that this process of learning to use words in a

way that without faking it renders forth on paper a living piece of your personal emotional life is intrinsically humanizing. It was the sense that I was leaving *that* skill with the students that gave me considerable encouragement. Furthermore, a poem which works gives the student poet a sense of integration, inside himself, a sense that all the physical and mental parts of this creation of his have jelled. That sense is liberating. It's a pleasure which gives confidence to the student, not just because he is praised, but because he has felt that identity-reinforcing sensation of making something he feels is really alive and whole. These poems can be taken to hesitant administrators and the teacher can say, look, this poem is articulating thoughts, it is organized, it is vivid, it is clear, it touches the student's inner life. . . in short it accomplishes all the goals that discursive essay writing proclaims to seek, and so frequently fails in finding. So we *need* PITS. And, as a bit of self-criticizing, PITS poets need to think hard about what their goals are & not rely simply on their associative skills to get them through. . . especially if the workshop lasts long enough to do any good. Nothing is worse than entering the class for the 4th time realizing that the students' attention is starting to lag because you don't have your act together.

Getting it together is worth it. Thinking out a base goal or vision to which you can return for fresh ideas when things do lag. Once in a 5th grade class in a school down the peninsula we were writing a collaborative poem. They were calling out the words and I was writing them on the board. They kept asking whether the poem "had to rhyme." So finally I returned to my goal of getting them to use words expressively and accurately and told them, ok, we will write a poem in which every single word has to rhyme with the word "Tree." This was the poem they wrote:

"These trees sneeze leaves. These Japanese trees are breeze thieves. Please sieze this disease."

I nearly dropped my chalk. By the way, first instead of "leaves" they said "fleas". . . it was funny and they laughed but then the whole class squirmed and stopped shouting out words. It was because the word fleas wasn't *true* enough. When some little girl shouted out the fantastically logical righton word "leaves" the class literally jumped up and down in their desks. So I thought, that was too easy, I'll give them a two syllable word. I'll give them the word "Mother." The poem they wrote was so fine & so mysteriously deep that I was afraid the Principal was going to walk in. Here it is:

"Some mothers smother brothers. Other mothers cover other's lovers."

To reiterate. First I make solid the distinction between Discursive, logical, reportorial writing, and Expressive, associative, experience-creating writing. I stress how the entire way of using language is different. Then we do a series of writing exercises geared to the creation of images.

Reading from a book while they write a poem picking out whatever they need to make their own poem works well. Then I turn to the need for Accuracy, for having nobullshit eyes & ears. I turn this unified approach of Expressiveness plus Precision on their own feelings. I tell them to write about what hurts, what embarrasses them, or humiliates them. Something heavy. At this point in the course all Purple Elephants are to be slain on the spot. They won't be intimidated out of writing if you keep referring to the need to be expressive rather than "tell a story" etc etc. The final step is to get them to be as vivid and precise about invisible, inner details as they were about visible, external ones in the earlier exercises. All the time I reach for exercises I keep remembering that the route to self-honesty is through being awakened to the sheer pleasure of using words as expressive material.

I'll say.

DRUM POETRY

BrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrraP! dinga donga

dongada chhh! Brrrrrrrappa chhap pop

dooba dooba daba chhh chhhop chick chick!

BittleLittle bing chhhhhhhop! chucka

chicka pow! Chucka Chucka pow!
Brrrrapa chacka pow! chip! Chip! Chip! chip!
Bong ding pow ding Bong ding Bong pow Bong
ding Bong Bong ding Brrrappapa pow

Brrrrr Brrrr
Brrrrr Brrrr (high pitch)
(high Brrrrr Brrrr
pitch) Brrrr
(low pitch)

Chew Chew Chew Chew! Bonga Bonga Bonga

Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrpop! Brrrrrrappa pa Chow!
Bonga da! Brrrrappap tap! Ching! pen! Chip

Jimmy Griego
Luther Burbank H.S.
Sacramento

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